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HYMNS

ADAPTED TO

DIVINE WORSHIP:

IN TWO BOOKS.

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IN TWO BOOKS.

BOOK I.

Derived from SELECT PASSAGES of the

HOLY SCRIPTURES.



Written on SCRIPTURE SUBJECTS, and

DIVERSIFIED OCCASIONS.

BY THOMAS GIBBONS, D.D.

LONDON:

Printed for J. BUCKLAND, in Pater-noster-Row;
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House.

M,DCC,LXXXII.

HYMNS

ADAPTED TO

DIVINE WORSHIP:

IN TWO BOOKS.

BOOK I.

Derived from SELECT PASSAGES of the HOLY SCRIPTURES.

BOOK II.

Written on SACRED SUBJECTS and PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

BY

THOMAS GIBBONS, D. D.

——— nulla carebit
Laudibus Hora tuis,
Rerum Creator et Salus.——BUCHANAN, Pſ. 145.

Thy Mercies ſhall my hourly Songs employ,
O Thou my Sire, my Guardian, and my Joy!

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M.DCC.LXXXIV.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

PREFACE.

PSALMODY, or ſinging the divine Praiſes in ſacred Compoſures was practiſed in the Worſhip of GOD under the Diſpenſation of the divine Will by *Moſes* the *Jewiſh* Lawgiver; and a conſiderable Portion of the Old Teſtament conſiſts of that Book which very properly bears the Name of *Pſalms*, containing a very large Variety of divine Odes, indited under the Inſpiration of Heaven, by *Moſes*, *Aſaph*, *Heman*, &c. and above all by *David*, who is expreſly called in Scripture *the Anointed of the*

GOD *of* Jacob, *and the ſweet Pſalmiſt of* Iſrael *. This Method of glorifying GOD is not confined to the *Jewiſh*, but extends itſelf to the *Chriſtian* Church, and conſequently will continue through all the Generations of Time, as we are certain that the Revelation of GOD by his Son JESUS CHRIST is the laſt that he will ever give to the World. At the Cloſe of our LORD's Inſtitution and Obſervance of the Sacrament of his Supper, *He ſang an Hymn* †; and the Apoſtle *Paul* exhorts Chriſtians *to ſpeak to one another in Pſalms, and Hymns, and ſpiritual Songs, ſinging and making Melody in their Hearts to the* LORD, *giving Thanks in all Things to* GOD *and the Father in the Name of our Lord* JESUS CHRIST ‡: and in another Place he directs that *the Word of* CHRIST *ſhould dwell in them richly in all Wiſdom, and that they ſhould teach and admoniſh*

* 2 Sam. xxiii. 1. † Mat. xxvi. 30.
‡ Eph. v. 19, and 20.

one another in Pſalms, and Hymns, and ſpiritual Songs, ſinging with Grace in their Hearts unto the LORD *. In like Manner the Apoſtle *James* adviſes *that if any Man among them to whom he wrote was afflicted, he ſhould pray*, as peculiarly ſuited to that dark Seaſon, while on the other Hand, *if any Man was merry*, in a lively, chearful Frame of Mind, with the Bleſſings of Providence ſmiling around him, *he ſhould ſing Pſalms* †. To which we may add, to recommend the Duty of ſinging more eſpecially to our Regards, that it will not, like the Duties of Prayer and Preaching, ceaſe when we come to Heaven, but on the other Hand will be improved and perpetuated there, ſo that as Love ſhall abide, when Faith and Hope ſhall be diſſolved and die, in like Manner the Voice of Praiſe ſhall be heard for ever in the Temple of our GOD above, when our Perfection of

* Col. iii. 16. † James v. 13.

Enjoyment will prevent the Neceſſity of Prayer, and the Perfection of our Holineſs will ſuperſede any further Occaſions for imploring the Influences of our God for Progreſs and Permanency in the good Ways of the Lord. In the celeſtial World we read of the Saints made perfect joining in the Song of *Moſes and the Lamb* *, intending, it may be, the wonderful Works of God both in Providence and Redemption—*of a new Song being ſung there*—and of the whole Hoſt of Heaven celebrating the Honours of him who ſits upon the Throne, and of the Lamb †. Strange then may it well appear that Perſons, profeſſing the Chriſtian Religion, and to be guided in their Faith and Practice by its Directions, ſhould exclude Pſalmody, or the Singing the divine Praiſes, from their Devotions, as a Part of Worſhip unprescribed by God, or unneceſſary and obſolete. Are there not as

* Rev. xv. 3. † Rev. v. 9. Rev. v. 11.

much

much Scripture-Warrant and Countenance for *Singing*, as there are for *Prayer* or *Preaching*? If we, in Obedience to the divine Will, obſerve two of theſe Duties, why not alſo the other, ſince the Seal and Stamp of divine Injunction are equally ſet upon them all?

As Pſalmody has evidently the divine Authority to bind it upon us as a perpetual Duty, and as it is the Will of GOD, and bleſſed be his Name he gives us abundant Mercy for the conſtant Subject of our Praiſes, that we ſhould ſing the Songs of *Zion* in this ſtrange Land, it is ſurely commendable in all, who have any Ability whether in a greater or ſcantier Degree for the Service, to furniſh their Chriſtian Brethren with poetical Compoſures in Honour of GOD and their Redeemer, and for the Aſſiſtance of heaven-born Minds in their various Experiences and Exerciſes, that ſo, whenever they are called or in-

clined to offer up their Addreſſes, and eſpecially their Thankſgivings to Heaven, they may not find themſelves at a Loſs for ſuitable Odes in which to expreſs the Senſe of their Souls, and pay their Vows to the Moſt High. Dr. *Watts*, may I not truly ſay, more eminently than any other Chriſtian Poet in the preſent Century, has bleſſed the Church with a copious and excellent Variety of ſacred Songs *in his Imitation of the Book of Pſalms in the Language of the New Teſtament*, and with *a large Volume of Hymns on different Occaſions*, ſuited to the ſeveral Tempers and Frames of Chriſtians: but, though he has done much, and perhaps in an happier and diviner Manner than what any after him may be able to perform, yet he has by no Means precluded the Endeavours of others in the ſame Service. Are there not Subjects untouched by him in the almoſt infinite Extent of ſpiritual Matter that may be very ſuitably

ably wrought up into ſacred Songs? And is it not a Pleaſure to the human Mind not to be perpetually reſtrained to the ſame Odes, but to have ſomething new with which to employ itſelf, though it ſhould not be equal in Compoſition with what it has been entertained already; and why ſhould not new Hymns as well as new Sermons be ſent into the World, or if the laſt have proved ſerviceable, why may not the former?

Let theſe Conſiderations ſerve for the Author's Apology in offering the following Collection to the Public. The Hymns were compoſed as a ſerious Amuſement in his Intervals of Leiſure, or the intercurrent Moments of Time between Labour and Labour, without any Intention to rival the Performances of others. May the Publication of them be attended with a divine Bleſſing! And ſhould the Author find that his Attempts

tempts for Edification, whether from the Pulpit or the Preſs, have not been altogether in vain in the LORD, it would yield him no ſmall Comfort in the Decline of Life, and prove the Balm of his Old Age!

He takes the Liberty to add that he has choſen to print the preſent Volume of Hymns without any Connexion with a like Volume which he publiſhed ſome Years ſince, a few Copies of which remain for Sale. So that, while the Purchaſers of the former Miſcellany will have an Opportunity, if they chooſe it, to ſupply themſelves with the new Collection, others, who have not the firſt Publication, may furniſh themſelves with the Second without any Deficiency or Imperfection through its Relation to the antecedent Volume.

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T.

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U.

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When falſe Diſciples bid farewel -	*a*	11
When JESUS dwelt in mortal Clay -	*a*	12
When JESUS had reſign'd his Breath -	*a*	14
When *Joſeph* like a ſetting Sun -	*a*	16
When the rough Winter in its Rigour riſes	*b*	6
Who is the Servant of the LORD -	*a*	11
Who ſhall the great I AM proclaim -	*a*	4
Why do the Heathen Nations rage -	*a*	1
Wiſdom has built her royal Dome -	*a*	5

Y.

Ye weary, fainting Souls - -	*a*	10
Ye Sons of Men, lift up your Eyes -	*b*	3

CORRECTIONS.

Page 63, Line 15, read Pſalm CXXII.
125, 25, after *Duty* read *bleſs'd ſhall be.*

HYMNS.

BOOK I.

DERIVED FROM

SELECT PASSAGES

OF THE

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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HYMNS.

I. ENOCH *walking with* GOD, *and his Tranſlation to Heaven.*

GEN. v. 24. Long Metre.

I.

ENOCH, the ſev'nth from *Adam*'s Loins,
Pre-eminent in Goodneſs ſhines;
Three Hundred Years this Stage he trod,
And walk'd and convers'd with his God;

II.

But on a ſudden diſappear'd
The Saint; no more of him was heard,
No more was ſeen, as if by Heav'n
At once from all Exiſtence driv'n:

III.

But GOD, whom he ador'd and lov'd,
His Fav'rite from our World remov'd
Entire into his bliſsful Skies,
But veil'd his Flight from mortal Eyes.

IV.

What though this Privilege of Heav'n
To him and to *Elijah* giv'n,
No Sojourners in mortal Clay
Can hope till Time's concluding Day,

V.

Yet ev'ry Saint and Child of God,
When ſeparated from this Clod,
To the ſame World ſhall take his Flight,
Share the ſame Glory and Delight.

VI.

The Body too, that for a while
Reſts like a Pilgrim worn with Toil,
Shall wake, ſhall riſe, its Spirit join,
Co-heirs of Life and Bliſs divine.

II. *The Character of* NOAH.

GEN. vi. 9. Long Metre.

I.

WHEN all Mankind in Sin were drown'd,
Noah a righteous Man was found,
Upright and pure through all his Days,
To walk with GOD his Joy and Praiſe:

II.

To him the LORD of all reveal'd
The Purpoſe in his Breaſt conceal'd,
That by a Flood he would efface
From the whole Earth the godleſs Race;

III.

Then bad him build himſelf an Ark,
There with his Houſehold to embark,
There to remain from Harms ſecure,
Long as the Vengeance ſhould endure.

His

IV.

His GOD the holy Patriarch fear'd,
The floating Citadel uprear'd,
To Him, to His a ſafe Abode,
When Death on the broad Deluge rode.

V.

So let thy Favour, gracious LORD,
To me a ſure Defence afford,
When all this vaſt material Frame
Shall melt, ſhall be diſſolv'd in Flame.

III. ABRAHAM's *Character and Conduct.*

GEN. xiv. 1—5. Long Metre.

I.

ABRAHAM at the divine Command
Forſook his Kindred and his Land,
And to a foreign Country went,
And in Eſtrangement pitch'd his Tent:

II.

His Boſom with Devotion glow'd,
And Faith unparallel'd he ſhow'd,
When, in Obedience to the Skies,
He made his Son a Sacrifice.

III.

From the triumphant Foes to ſave
His Nephew, an embondag'd Slave,
He arm'd himſelf, and arm'd his Bands,
Purſu'd, and ſnatch'd him from their Hands.

IV.

Huſband, and Sire, and Maſter He
Adorn'd, and bleſs'd his Family;
In Virtue's Paths the Patriarch trod,
And taught his Houſe the Ways of GOD.

V.

For ev'ry Grace divine renown'd,
With Heav'n's diſtinguiſh'd Favour crown'd
He paſs'd his Days: O may we be
As wiſe, as juſt, as good as he!

VI.

Children of *Abraham* not by Race,
But by regenerating Grace,
With him we ſhall be ever bleſs'd,
Of endleſs Life and Joys poſſeſs'd.

IV. I AM *the Name of* GOD.

EXODUS iii. 14. Long Metre.

I.

WHO ſhall the Great I AM proclaim?
What Glories crown th' amazing Name?
What human, what angelic Line
Can fathom the Abyſs divine?

II.

Now *Self-Exiſtence* ſtrikes the Eye:
In his own peerleſs Majeſty
He dwells, and aſks Support from none,
While Worlds depend upon his Throne.

III.

Eternity, that ne'er begun,
And ſhall through endleſs Ages run,
Only belongs to Deity:
He was, and is, and ſtill ſhall be.

IV.

His mighty Arm his Works ſuſtains,
And o'er them all ſupreme he reigns,
Unſeen, unheard, yet all abroad
Through boundleſs Space a preſent GOD.

With

V.

With Veneration moſt profound,
From World to World his Praiſe reſound:
But ſtill thy Name can ne'er be ſhown,
Thou infinitely great UNKNOWN!

V. *The Decalogue verſified, in Two Parts.*

EXODUS XX.

PART I^st.

The Firſt Table of the Moral Law, or our Duties towards GOD. EXOD. XX. 3—12.

Common Metre.

I.

THAT GOD, who made the Worlds on high,
And Air, and Earth, and Sea,
Own as thy GOD, and to his Name
In Homage bow the Knee.

II.

Let not a Shape which Hands have wrought
Of Wood, or Clay, or Stone,
Be deem'd thy GOD, nor think him like
Aught thou haſt ſeen or known.

III.

Take not the Name of GOD moſt High
In vain. Thou muſt not dare
To make thy Falſhood paſs for Truth
By his dread Name to ſwear.

IV.

That Day, on which he bids thee, reſt
From Toil, and pray, and praiſe,
That Day keep holy to the Lord,
And conſecrate its Rays.

V.

O may that God, who gave theſe Laws,
Write them on ev'ry Heart,
That all may feel their living Pow'r,
Nor from his Paths depart!

PART II.

The Second Table of the Moral Law, or our Duties towards our Neighbours.

Common Metre.

I.

Thy Sire, and Her who brought thee forth,
With all thy Mind and Might
Fear, love, and ſerve; ſo ſhall thy Days
Be numerous, calm, and bright.

II.

The Blood of Man thou ſhalt not ſhed,
For loud will be its Cry,
And pierce the Skies; and thou by Man
For the dire Deed ſhalt die.

III.

To thine own Couch thou ſhalt not take
A Wife but her thine own;
Vaſt is the Guilt, and on thine Head
Heav'n darts its Vengeance down.

IV.

Thou ſhalt not, or from Friend or Foe,
Take aught by Force or Stealth;
Thy Goods, thy Stores muſt grow from Right,
Or GOD will curſe thy Wealth.

V.

No Man ſhalt thou by a falſe Charge,
Or cruſh or brand with Shame;
Dear as thine own, ſo wills thy GOD,
Muſt be his Life and Name.

VI.

Thy Soul one Wiſh ſhall not let looſe
For that which is not thine;
Live in thy Lot, or ſmall or great,
For GOD has drawn the Line.

VII.

O that theſe Laws were all obſerv'd
By all the Tribes of Men!
Thus Earth would be an early Heav'n,
And *Eden* bloom again!

VI. What hath GOD wrought *applied in various remarkable Examples.*

NUMBERS xxiii. 23. Long Metre.

I.

WHAT hath GOD *wrought!* might *Iſrael* ſay,
When *Jordan* roll'd its Tide away,
And gave a Paſſage to its Bands
To march in Safety croſs its Sands.

II.

What hath GOD *wrought!* might well be ſaid,
When JESUS riſing from the Dead
Scatter'd the Shades of *Pagan* Night,
And bleſs'd the Nations with his Light.

III.

What hath GOD *wrought!* the World may cry,
Freed from the Plagues of *Popery*,
Its tenfold Night, its iron Chains,
Its galling Yoke, its penal Pains.

IV.

What hath GOD *wrought!* in ſweet Surprize
Shall ſound through all the Earth and Skies,
When, like a Mill-ſtone in the Main,
Rome ſhall be plung'd, nor riſe again.

V.

The News shall ev'ry Harp employ,
Fill ev'ry Tongue with tuneful Joy:
O may we join the sacred Throng,
Partake the Triumph, and the Song!

VII. GOD *our Life and the Length of our Days.*

DEUT. xxx. 20. Common Metre.

I.

'TIS GOD preserves our feeble Lives,
And multiplies our Days;
Our fleeting Breath is in his Hands,
And his are all our Ways.

II.

Distempers, Pains, and Casualties
In all their hideous Forms
Stand arm'd with their resistless Pow'rs
To slaughter human Worms;

III.

But Providence from their Attacks
Secures us ev'ry Hour,
And still we walk unhurt behind
The Buckler of its Pow'r.

IV.

O may the Lives our GOD prolongs
Be to his Glory giv'n,
And may our last expiring Breath
Transmit our Souls to Heav'n!

VIII. *Prayer for Divine Favour preferred and answered.*

1 CHRON. iv. 9, 10.

Common Metre.

I.

JABEZ among his Brethren ſhone
Diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt;
And *Jabez* thus his Father's GOD
In fervent Pray'r addreſs'd. —

II.

" In Bleſſings moſt divinely good,
" O let thy Servant ſhare!
" Enlarge my Coaſt, incloſe me round
" With thy perpetual Care:

III.

" Preſerve me ſafe from all the Ills
" Of Sorrow and of Sin,
" The cruel Shafts that fly abroad,
" The conſcious Pangs within.

IV.

" Thus *Jabez* pray'd:" propitious Heav'n
Fulfill'd his whole Requeſt;
And *Jabez* with JEHOVAH's Love
Through all his Days was bleſs'd.

V.

Such be our Pray'r, and GOD to us
Will the ſame Favours give:
Heav'n is as ready to beſtow,
As Creatures to receive.

IX. David's *dying Charge to* Solomon.

1 CHRON. xxviii. 9. Short Metre.

I.

REGARD what *David* ſaid,
When in his hoary Age
He thus his young Succeſſor charg'd,
In Words divinely ſage.

II.

" Thou, *Solomon*, my Son,
" Avouch thy Father's God;
" Rejoice in his unbounded Love,
" And tremble at his Rod;

III.

" Serve him with Heart ſincere,
" And moſt devout Deſire;
" Let Wiſdom guide thee by its Ray,
" And Love thy Breaſt inſpire.

IV.

" Into our inmoſt Souls
" His Beam unerring pries,
" And all the Motions of our Minds
" Are open to his Eyes.

V.

" If thou wilt ſeek the LORD,
" His Favour thou ſhalt find:
" To help the humble aſking Soul,
" How able, how inclin'd!

VI.

" But ſhouldſt thou quit thy GOD,
" Nor make his Laws thy Care,
" He in Return will leave thy Soul
" To Darkneſs and Deſpair."

VII.

Children of *Adam* hear
The Charge by *David* giv'n:
As from the Oracle divine,
He ſpoke the Will of Heav'n:

VIII.

To us this Charge belongs;
'Tis Heav'n's eternal Claim:
Jehovah's Nature, Precepts, Love,
And Vengeance are the ſame.

X. *The Trials of* Job, *and their After-Conſequences repreſented and improved.*

Job i. and Job xlii. Short Metre.

I.

BEHOLD the Patriarch *Job*,
How pure and upright he!
He fear'd his God, and ſtood aloof
From all Iniquity.

II.

The Subſtance he poſſeſs'd
Was beyond Meaſure great;
Sev'n blooming Youths, three beauteous Nymphs
Crown'd his connubial State;

III.

But ſoon the righteous Man
Was of his Wealth depriv'd;
Down ruſh'd the Roof upon their Heads,
And not one Child ſurviv'd.

IV.

Submiſſive and ſerene
He bore th' immenſe Diſtreſs,
And, though his God might ſeem unkind,
Still he his God would bleſs.

V.

Againſt each Charge unjuſt,
He made a bold Defence,
And to each venom'd Dart oppos'd
The Shield of Innocence:

VI.

But when before his God,
How humble and contrite!
Into a Worm, an Atom ſhrunk,
And vaniſh'd in his Sight!

VII.

But ſee the ſuff'ring Saint
From all his Woes releas'd,
And with a double Tide of Joys,
And double Glories bleſs'd.

VIII.

Let us commit our Cauſe
To God, and wait his Will;
His People he will ſurely bleſs,
And their Deſires fulfil.

IX.

As Metals by the Flame
Are purify'd from Droſs,
So Saints by Troubles are refin'd
From Sin, and bleſs the Loſs.

X.

Whatever be our Lot
'Tis juſt, and good, and wiſe;
And all our Croſſes, all our Griefs
Are Bleſſings in Diſguiſe.

XI.

So Vines are kindly prun'd
Of each ſuperfluous Bough,
While Brambles unregarded ſpread,
And for Deſtruction grow.

XI. *The Happineſs of Saints.*

JOB v. 17—27. Common Metre.

I.

HAPPY the Man whom GOD vouchſafes
In Mercy to chaſtiſe!
Then let not our rebellious Pride
Th' Almighty's Strokes deſpiſe:

II.

He makes deep Furrows on the Heart,
And cloſes them again;
His Hands inflict a bleeding Wound,
And ſwift relieve the Pain.

III.

He in ſix Troubles ſhall redeem
Thy threat'ned Life from Death;
Nor ſhall the ſev'nth o'erwhelming Wave
Have Pow'r to ſtop thy Breath.

IV.

When *Famine* throws its Arrows round,
And multiplies its Dead,
Thy GOD th' invulnerable Shield
Shall round his Favourite ſpread.

V.

Should *War*, let looſe in all its Rage,
Inſatiably devour,
The ſlaught'ring Sword ſhould paſs thee by,
Reſtrain'd by heav'nly Pow'r.

VI.

From *Slander*'s ſharp invenom'd Tooth
Thou ſhalt ſecure abide,
And ſmile unhurt when *purple Plagues*
Are waſting at thy Side.

VII.

Thou from the dire Alarms of *Want*
Shalt live for ever free;
Devouring *Beaſts*, that roam at large,
Shall at thy Preſence flee.

VIII.

The *Stones* that lie acroſs thy Way,
Or from the Cliff impend,
The *Lion*, *Crocodile*, and *Aſp*,
Shall own thee for their Friend.

IX.

Angels ſhall watch around thy Doors,
And guard the Peace within:
Safe ſhalt thou go, and ſafe return,
Without one Curſe of Sin.

X.

Thou ſhalt behold thy Seed ariſe
To Riches and Renown,
As Flow'rs, call'd forth by Sun and Show'r,
The ſmiling Meadows crown.

XI.

In a full Age, and rich in Grace
Thou to thy Grave ſhalt come,
Like the ripe Shock of golden Grain
Convey'd in Safety Home.

XII.

Thus have the Servants of the LORD
Been bleſs'd from Age to Age;
Their GOD, their Guide, their Guard thro'
And endleſs Heritage. [Life,

XII. *The*

XII. *The Evidences of inward Piety.*

Job xix. 28. Common Metre.

In Two Parts.

Part Ist.

I.

LET not Mankind deceive themſelves
With hypocritic Art,
But ſearch if Holineſs has ſtruck
Its Root into the Heart.

II.

Have we the dire Effects of Sin
With ſtartled Eyes ſurvey'd?
Or has its own intrinſic Hell
Of Horrors been diſplay'd?

III.

Have we to *Jeſus'* Merits fled,
Omnipotent to ſave;
As *Noah*, ſhelter'd in the Ark,
Eſcap'd th' o'erwhelming Wave?

IV.

Does Sin, in all Degrees and Forms,
Our keeneſt Hatred raiſe?
And does the Tenor of our Lives
Shine to our Maker's Praiſe?

V.

Theſe are th' indubitable Signs,
Theſe the celeſtial Fruits,
That prove our Souls of Grace divine
Poſſeſs the vital Roots.

PART II.

Short Metre.

I.

Saints that are born of God,
This empty World despise,
And to th' immortal Scenes above
In Faith and Hope arise:

II.

Their Spirits nobly spurn
The Body's gross Control,
Nor can endure that Flesh should bear
Dominion o'er the Soul.

III.

On Grace and Pow'r divine
For Blessing they depend,
Begin sweet Converse with their God,
Nor shall that Converse end.

IV.

Devotions to the Skies,
Kind Actions to Mankind,
Fresh Victories o'er impetuous Lusts
Are in their Lives combin'd.

V.

Such bless'd Experience proves,
That they are born of Heav'n;
The Clouds of Vengeance all dispell'd,
And all their Sins forgiv'n.

XIII. *The Majesty of* God, *and the Meanness of Man.*

Job xxv. Long Metre.

I.

SOON as had ceas'd th' afflicted Man,
Bildad the *Shubite* thus began:
"Dominion, Fear belong to God;
"All Nature trembles at his Nod.

II.

"He from their starry Thrones expell'd
"Armies of Angels that rebell'd,
"Restoring Peace and Amity
"Thro' all the radiant Realms on high.

III.

"Who can count o'er the Warrior-Bands,
"All arm'd to march as he commands?
"And upon whom beneath the Skies,
"Does not his orient Light arise?

IV.

"How then can Man be justify'd,
"By infinite Perfection try'd?
"Or how can he be undefil'd,
"Of sinful *Eve* the sinful Child?

V.

"Before *Jehovah*'s peerless Ray
"The Moon's broad Splendors fade away,
"And Stars, that gild th' etherial Sky,
"Grow dim, and sicken in his Eye.

VI.

"How far inferior then than they
"Is Man, th' Inhabitant of Clay?
"Man, in his God's all-holy Sight,
"Th' impurest Worm, and meanest Mite?"

XIV. *The Bleſſedneſs of Saints, and the dreadful End of Sinners.*

PSALM i. Common Metre.

I.

BLESS'D he, who wicked Councils hates
And thence withdraws his Feet,
Avoids the Place where Sinners come,
And flies the Scorner's Seat;

II.

But in the Volume of his GOD
Finds his ſupreme Delight;
By Day reviews the ſacred Page,
And meditates by Night:

III.

He, like a Tree by living Streams,
Well-water'd at its Root,
In Acts of Piety and Love
Yields his perpetual Fruit.

IV.

No chilling Winds, nor nipping Froſts,
Shall blaſt his verdant Leaves,
And GOD to what his Hand performs
His ready Bleſſing gives.

V.

But how unlike the diſmal Doom
To Men of impious Mind,
Diſpers'd away, like empty Chaff,
Before the driving Wind?

VI.

Abhor'd, accurs'd, they ſhall not ſtand
Before th' eternal Throne,
Nor with the Train of holy Souls,
Shall ever join their own.

VII.

Heav'n marks with an approving Eye
The Path the Righteous go,
But the broad Way that Sinners take
Deſcends to endleſs Woe.

XV. *The Oppoſition to Heaven fruſtrated, or, the Glories of* CHRIST, *and the Succeſs of his Goſpel.*

PSALM ii. Common Metre.

I.

WHY do the *Heathen* Nations rage,
Like Billows in a Storm?
Why in an Enterprize engage
Their Weakneſs can't perform?

II.

Confederate Monarchs ruſh to Arms,
And Chiefs to Council run,
Bent to oppoſe the LORD of all,
And his anointed Son!

III.

"His Bands aſunder let us break,"
They inſolently ſay;
"Shake from our Necks their hateful Yoke,
"And ſpurn their Cords away."

IV.

The LORD, who on his glorious Throne
Supreme in Heav'n reſides,
Laughs at their impotent Deſigns,
And all their Rage derides.

V. His

V.

His Voice in Sounds of Thunder breaks,
Arm'd with devouring Fire,
Their Courage melts in wild Diſmay,
And all their Hopes expire.

VI.

" See, ſays the GOD who reigns on high,
" I have perform'd my Will,
" And thron'd the Monarch of my Choice
" On *Zion*'s ſacred Hill."

VII.

" I will declare, *Immanuel* cries,
" My Father's fix'd Decree;
" Thou art my Son, this glorious Day
" Have I begotten thee;

VIII.

" Aſk, and I'll give the *Heathen* Lands
" For thine Inheritance,
" And to the World's remoteſt Shores
" Thy Sceptre I'll advance.

IX.

" Thou with an iron Rod ſhalt cruſh
" The Rebels to thy Throne,
" As Veſſels into Ruins fly,
" Daſh'd by the Potter down."

X.

Be wiſe, ye Potentates of Earth,
And own *Immanuel*'s Sway;
Where lies your Bliſs, ye Judges learn,
And his Commands obey:

XI.

With humble Homage ſerve the Lord,
And, while your tuneful Tongues
Send to the Skies your ſounding Joys,
Let Rev'rence awe your Songs.

XII.

Swift to the LORD's exalted Son
Your willing Honours pay,
Leſt his tremendous Wrath ſhould riſe,
And make your Souls its Prey.

XIII.

When only in ſome kindling Sparks
His Indignation glows,
How happy they who in his Love
Their Confidence repoſe!

XVI. CHRIST *anointed King in* Zion; *and the Glories of his Government.*

PSALM ii. 6. Common Metre.

I.

IN *Zion* his moſt holy Mount,
GOD has enthron'd his Son,
Nor Plots, nor Pow'r ſhall e'er annul
What Wiſdom once has done.

II.

Vaſt is his Rule, from Thrones, from Heights
Of Glory reaching down
To lower Skies, to Earth, to Seas,
And Hell's Abyſs unknown.

III.

Not by his Providence alone
Doth our *Immanuel* reign,
But Souls his gracious Influence feel,
And bleſs his dear Domain.

IV.

At his Command aſunder fly
The Bolts, the Bars of Sin;
Th' eternal Doors unfold t' admit
The King of Glory in.

V.

Through all his Realms how uncontrol'd
How abſolute his Sway!
And all or by Conſtraint or Choice
His ſov'reign Will obey.

VI.

Archangels fly from World to World,
Charg'd with his Embaſſies;
His angry Pow'r weighs *Satan* down,
Nor can the Monſter riſe.

VII.

His Wiſdom, which all Nature fram'd,
O'er Nature ſtill preſides;
Wiſdom gives Birth to all his Schemes,
And all his Actions guides.

VIII.

Impartial Juſtice marks his Rule;
The Rebels to their GOD
Shall his avenging Terrors feel,
Cruſh'd by his iron Rod.

IX.

Nor juſt alone, but gracious too
Is our Redeemer's Reign;
Ten thouſand thouſand Bleſſings wait,
And form his godlike Train.

X.

Support, and Strength, and Peace, and Joy
To all his Saints are giv'n;
Treaſures of preſent Grace are theirs,
And theirs a future Heav'n.

XI.

While other Princes riſe and die
The Meteors of an Hour,
Immanuel holds a laſting Throne,
And boundleſs is his Pow'r.

XVII. *The Triumph of our* LORD *in the Views of his Death, and ſpeedy Reſurrection and Aſcenſion to Heaven.*

PSALM xvi. 8—11.

Common Metre.

I.

THUS *David*, in the Name of *Chriſt*,
In Strains prophetic cries:
From Hour to Hour my Soul has ſet
" The LORD before my Eyes.

II.

Thro' all my Courſe at my Right-Hand
" He ſtands, and grants his Aid;
Hence I amidſt my Foes remain
" Unſhaken, undiſmay'd;

III.

Hence is my Heart with Raptures fill'd,
" And hence my joyful Tongue;
My Glory publiſhes his Praiſe
" In a triumphal Song.

IV.

My Body mingled with the Dead,
" In chearful Hope ſhall reſt;
Thou, LORD, wilt raiſe it from the Grave,
" Of endleſs Life poſſeſs'd.

V.

Soon ſhall my diſembodi'd Soul
" Re-animate its Clay;
Nor ſhall thy holy One become
" Corruption's laſting Prey.

VI. Thou

VI.

" Thou from the Sepulchre of Death
" The Path of Life ſhalt ſhow
" Into thy Preſence, O my GOD,
" Where Joys unbounded flow;

VII.

" At thy Right-Hand I ſhall be plac'd,
" Where Pleaſures ſpreading wide
" Thro' all the Regions of the Bleſs'd
" In endleſs Currents glide."

XVIII. *The Volume of the Works, and the Volume of the Word of* GOD *declarative of his Power and Goodneſs.*

PSALM xix. Common Metre.

I.

THE Heav'ns with their unnumber'd Fires
That gild the vaſt Profound,
Declare their Maker's boundleſs Pow'r,
And ſpread his Honours round.

II.

Th' Almighty's Glories Day by Day
On dazzling Sunbeams fly,
And Night by Night their ſofter Rays
O'erflow th' unſully'd Sky.

III.

There's not a Nation round the Globe,
There's not a liſt'ning Ear,
But what their Lectures and their Songs
With rapturous Joy may hear.

IV. Moon

IV.

Moon, Stars, and Planets, as they run
Their Journeys round the Pole,
Publiſh a God from Clime to Clime,
And praiſe him as they roll.

V.

Thron'd in a Blaze of Light the Sun
Aſcends the heav'nly Way,
Strong as a Giant for his Race,
And like a Bridegroom gay:

VI.

Swift from the eaſtern Goal he ſprings,
And mounts th' etherial Steep;
Then in the Weſt he ruſhes down,
And plunges in the Deep.

VII.

To Man, to Beaſt, to Plant, and Flow'r
He ſends his cheering Ray:
Millions enjoy his vital Heat,
And bleſs th' unbounded Day.

VIII.

But, Lord, how perfect is thy Law
That breaks the Pow'r of Sin!
How kind thine Oracles that plant
Celeſtial Life within!

IX.

The Statutes of the Lord are right,
And Peace and Joy convey;
Immaculate his Precepts ſhine,
And chaſe our Night away.

X.

Unſulli'd is the Fear of God,
And ever ſhall endure,
Its Laws are all divinely true,
And all divinely pure.

XI.

Their Worth exceeds unmeaſur'd Sums
Of Gold from *Ophir*'s Coaſt;
Not Honey dropping from the Comb
Can half the Sweetneſs boaſt.

XII.

By them thy Servant, LORD, is warn'd,
They are my Guide, and Guard;
And, while their Counſels I obey,
I find a rich Reward.

XIII.

But who can count his Errors o'er
In Action, Word, and Thought!
O purge the Temple of my Soul
From ev'ry ſecret Fault!

XIV.

From wilful, from preſumptuous Crimes
Thy Servant, LORD, defend,
Nor let thoſe Tyrants o'er my Soul
Their iron Sway extend;

XV.

Then ſhall my Spirit be ſincere,
And free from ev'ry Sin,
That proves my Nature's Plague and Shame
Predominant within.

XVI.

Let the Devotions of my Heart,
And Muſings of my Mind,
O Thou, my GOD, my Life, my All,
With Thee Acceptance find!

XIX. Go

XIX. God *the Shepherd, and the Saints his Sheep.*

Psalm xxiii. Long Metre.

I.

THE God, whose Hand outstretch'd the Sky,
Attends me with a Shepherd's Love;
My hourly Wants his Grace supplies
With hourly Blessings from above.

II.

In Meads with springing Verdure crown'd,
He lays to Rest my weary Limbs,
Or with his tender Care conducts
My Steps by gently gliding Streams.

III.

He pities my bewilder'd Soul,
Whenever from his Fold I stray,
Restores me for his Mercy's Sake,
And leads me in his holy Way.

IV.

When I through Death's tremendous Vale,
And cold, damp Shades my Passage take,
Not the grim Tyrant, nor his Glooms
The Courage of my Soul shall shake:

V.

There shall I meet, there shall I find
The blissful Presence of my God;
My Hand supported by his Staff,
My Path directed by his Rod.

VI.

Richly hast Thou my Table spread,
All-gracious Lord, amidst my Foes;
Thy choicest Odours bless my Head,
Thy Wine my ample Cup o'erflows.

VII.

Goodneſs and Grace ſhall ſurely run
Through all the Circle of my Days;
Thine Houſe ſhall be my fix'd Abode,
My Work, my Pleaſure, Pray'r and Praiſe.

XX. God *the Comfort of his People in Death, and their Happineſs beyond it.*

Psalm xxiii. 4. Long Metre.

I.

THUS to his Soul the Saint may ſay,
And ſmile his gloomy Fears away:
" Though I with leiſure Steps and ſlow
" Thro' Death's dark, dreary Vale ſhould go,

II.

" Secure from all-ſurrounding Harms,
" Alike ſecure from all Alarms,
" I there ſhall find my gracious God,
" His guardian Staff, and guiding Rod;

III.

" Thence I ſhall climb the radiant Way
" To Hills of everlaſting Day,
" Where Life and Joys immortal grow,
" Sin, Death, and Darkneſs left below.

IV.

" Then from the Bonds of Fleſh diſcharg'd
" Refin'd, inſpirited, enlarg'd,
" I ſhall enjoy thy richeſt Grace,
" My God, and ſee thee Face to Face.

V.

" If partial Glimpſes of thy Love
" To Souls on Earth ſo bliſsful prove,
" How rich the Raptures, how divine,
" Where thy unclouded Glories ſhine?"

XXI. *Penitence, Prayer, and Hope in the divine Mercy.*

PSALM XXV. Common Metre.

I.

TO thee, my GOD, from Guilt and Grief,
That like a Deluge roll,
In ſecret Sighs, and broken Groans
I ſend my troubled Soul.

II.

On thee alone I fix my Hope,
Let not my Hope be vain;
Nor let my Foes deſtroy my Life,
Or bind me in their Chain:

III.

Let none, O LORD, who truſt in thee,
Repent them of their Truſt;
While bold preſumptuous Sinners lie
Down trodden in the Duſt.

IV.

Show me, O GOD, thy holy Way
In unbeclouded Light;
And let the Road where I ſhould go
Be open to my Sight.

V.

Direct my Footſteps in thy Way,
And let me not offend:
Thou art my Saviour, and on Thee
I all the Day attend.

VI.

Remember, everlaſting GOD,
Thy Goodneſs and thy Grace,
Which from the firſt-born Days of Time
Have viſited our Race.

VII.

Let not the Follies of my Youth
By thee be kept in Mind;
Reveal thy pardoning Love, for Thou
Art infinitely kind.

VIII.

The Beams of Sanctity and Grace
In our *Jehovah* meet;
Hence in the Road of Righteouſneſs
Will he conduct our Feet.

IX.

The Meek, who fain would learn his Will,
Who for his Guidance pray,
His holy Counſels he will teach,
And lead them in his Way.

X.

Mercy and Truth thro' all thy Paths,
Great God, harmonious ſhine
To ſuch as to thy Covenant keep,
And walk by Duty's Line.

XI.

For thy Name's ſake, All-gracious Sire,
Be all my Crimes forgiv'n
For they are great, and cry aloud
To be aveng'd by Heav'n.

XII.

Where is the Man, who fears his God,
And trembles at his Word?
Him ſhall he teach the Way that He
Has choſen and preferr'd;

XIII.

His Soul in perfect Eaſe ſhall dwell
To an extended Age,
And his Poſterity enjoy
An ample Heritage.

XIV.

The ſecret Whiſpers of his Love
Thoſe happy Souls ſhall hear,
And feed upon his promis'd Grace,
Who make the LORD their Fear.

XV.

My Eyes upon my GOD alone
Immoveably are ſet;
For his Right-Hand ſhall pluck my Feet
From the entangling Net.

XVI.

Turn, turn to me, Almighty GOD,
To me thy Mercy ſhow,
For ſtripp'd of ev'ry Hope I lie,
And languiſh in my Woe.

XVII.

Of Troubles, that oppreſs my Heart,
What an immenſe Increaſe!
Compaſſionate my fainting Soul,
And ſend me ſwift Releaſe.

XVIII.

Look down upon my ſore Diſtreſs,
My torturing Pains relieve;
And, in thy boundleſs Grace, my Sins,
My heavieſt Woes, forgive.

XIX.

Conſider, LORD, my Enemies,
Behold their numerous Bands,
With Rage and Malice in their Eyes,
And Murder in their Hands?

XX.

Be thou the Guardian of my Life,
And ſave me from my Foes;
Suſtain my Hopes, for I on Thee
My Confidence repoſe.

XXI.

O let Integrity and Truth
Poſſeſs, ſecure my Soul!
On thee I wait with longing Eyes,
On thee my Cares I roll,

XXII.

And, while upon my dark Diſtreſs
Thou ſhed'ſt thy gracious Ray,
On thine own Church, thine *Iſrael* ſhine,
And chaſe their Clouds away.

XXII. *An holy Walk with* God *Day by Day.*

PSALM XXV. 5. Short Metre.

I.

LET Pray'r and Praiſe aſcend,
When Morning gives the Light;
And Pray'r and Praiſe, like Incenſe riſe,
And hallow ev'ry Night.

II.

Peruſe the heav'nly Page
Of Truth and Grace divine:
Glory to God and Peace to Men
Through all the Goſpel ſhine.

III.

Aſſiſt your Fellow-Men,
And moſt your Fellow-Saints;
Redreſs their Wrongs, relieve their Wants,
And pity their Complaints.

IV.

Maintain a conſtant Guard,
And wakeful be your Eyes,
Quick to diſcover ev'ry Sin
In ev'ry fair Diſguiſe.

V.

Let all terrene Concerns
Be vigorouſly purſu'd;
Nor let Devotion on the Hours
Of Induſtry intrude.

VI.

Let Thoughts of God and Heav'n
Your Labours ſanctify,
And oft your ſacred Wiſhes breathe
In Whiſpers to the Sky.

VII.

A Life that's thus improv'd
With Bleſſings ſhall abound;
With balmy Gales, and ſmiling Rays
Its Evening ſhall be crown'd.

XXIII. *The divine Goodneſs diſplayed in the Bleſſings of Providence, Grace, and Glory.*

PSALM XXXVI. 7. Long Metre.

I.

GREAT is the Goodneſs of the LORD,
His bounteous Hand ſupplies our Food;
And Suns, and Show'rs, and Air, and Earth,
Are all his Miniſters of Good:

II.

But Bleſſings more divine than they
His rich Munificence beſtows:
See in the Merits of his Son
A Fountain of Salvation flows!

III.

See his All-gracious Spirit ſhed
His renovating Influence down;
A living Verdure ſmiles around,
And Flow'rs and Fruits the Deſert crown:

IV.

The glorious Work his Pow'r begins,
His Pow'r protects, ſupports, improves,
And ſpreads celeſtial Comforts round
The Souls he ſanctifies and loves.

V.

But O th' immeaſurable Grace
That, when our Days on Earth are o'er,
T' enjoy immortal Life and Bliſs
Lands us on the celeſtial Shore!

XXIV. *The Vanity of Life, and the Happiness of the Soul in* GOD.

PSALM XXXIX. 4—8. Long Metre.

I.

FATHER of Lights, with Love divine
On thy benighted Offspring ſhine;
My Life O teach me to ſurvey,
And mark how faſt it glides away!

II.

My Days on Earth are but a Span.
Eternal GOD, the Age of Man
Skrinks to a Point before thine Eye,
Whoſe Beams pervade Immenſity.

III.

We ſhine with a deluſive Glare,
Like Vapours ſhooting through the Air:
All our Inquietudes are vain,
And Pleaſure oft expires in Pain:

IV.

We part with Eaſe, we part with Health,
To gather ample Sums of Wealth,
But know not who ſhall ſhare the Spoils,
And reap the Harveſt of our Toils.

V.

LORD, I'll no more to Creatures truſt,
And build my Happineſs on Duſt;
Into thy bliſsful Arms I flee,
For thou art All in All to me.

XXV. *Saints, in the Depths of Affliction, looking to* GOD, *and confiding and ſolacing themſelves in his Power and Mercy.*

PSALM xlii. 7 and 8. Common Metre.

I.

BEHOLD me, LORD, plung'd in a Sea
Of infinite Diſtreſs,
Deep unto Deep in Thunder calls,
And rages in Exceſs:

II.

Fierce Cataracts of ruſhing Death
Deſcend upon my Soul,
And o'er me Waves impell'd by Waves
In long Succeſſion roll:

III.

But ſtill my Soul ſhall not deſpair:
The LORD, who ſees my Grief,
By Day his Mercy ſhall command,
And ſend me ſwift Relief.

IV.

Amidſt the wakeful Hours of Night
My Songs to him ſhall riſe;
And I'll with Pray'rs beſiege his Throne,
When Midnight ſpreads the Skies.

V.

When Woes redouble upon Woes,
Their GOD his Saints ſhall aid:
Nor Height, nor Depth, nor Death, nor Hell
Shall make their Souls afraid.

VI.

Through Darkneſs, Tempeſts, roaring Deeps
We ſtill purſue our Way
To Heav'n's bleſt Port, to Shores of Reſt,
And Realms of endleſs Day.

XXVI. *The Joys of divine Salvation.*

PSALM li. 12. Common Metre.

I.

LORD, let thy pardoning Love be ſhown
Purge all our Crimes away,
And lead us through this duſky Vale
To thine eternal Day.

II.

By Thee Salvation's Plan was laid,
And, LORD, the Gift was thine:
And where are Life, and Peace, and Heav'n
But where thy Glories ſhine?

III.

O let our Clouds be all diſpers'd,
And grant a Pledge of Grace!
Let us diſcern thee through a Glaſs
Who cannot view thy Face:

IV.

Thus ſhall our Days paſs ſmoothly on,
And as our Joys ariſe,
Our Faith, and Hope, and Love ſhall grow
Till we aſcend the Skies.

XXVII. *The Exerciſe and Comfort of the Saint in a Seaſon of Affliction.*

PSALM lxii. 1 and 2. Common Metre.

I.

MY Soul in humble Duty waits
Upon a chaſtening GOD:
I bow in Silence to his Will,
And hope beneath his Rod.

II.

To him, who draws his Furrows deep
Upon my wounded Heart,
I look till his All-gracious Hand
The healing Balm impart.

III.

GOD is my Rock, to him I fly
In each endanger'd Hour;
In ev'ry raging Storm I find
Protection in his Pow'r.

IV.

When Clouds and Waves of dark Diſtreſs,
And huge Affliction roll,
I feel a preſent GOD the Strength,
And Centre of my Soul.

V.

Though I am plung'd in Depths of Woe,
My Soul ſhall not deſpair;
Darkneſs and Deeps are Light and Peace
If my *Jehovah*'s there.

XXVIII. *The divine Influences reſembled to Rain.*

PSALM lxxii. 6. Long Metre.

I.

AS Show'rs on Meadows newly mown,
Jeſus ſhall ſhed his Bleſſings down,
Crown'd with whoſe Life-infuſing Drops
Earth ſhall renew her bliſsful Crops.

II.

Lands that beneath a burning Sky
Have long been deſolate and dry
Th' Effuſions of his Love ſhall ſhare,
And ſudden Greens and Herbage wear.

III.

The Dews and Rains in all their Store
Drenching the Paſtures o'er and o'er,
Are not ſo copious as that Grace,
Which ſanctifies and ſaves our Race.

IV.

As in ſoft Silence vernal Show'rs
Deſcend, and cheer the fainting Flow'rs,
So in the Secreſy of Love
Falls the ſweet Influence from above.

V.

That heav'nly Influence let me find
In holy Silence of the Mind,
While ev'ry Grace maintains its Bloom,
Diffuſing wide its rich Perfume:

VI.

Nor let theſe Bleſſings be confin'd
To me, but pour'd on all Mankind,
Till Earth's wild Waſtes in Verdure riſe,
And a young *Eden* bleſs our Eyes.

On the ſame Paſſage.

XXIX. *The Deſcent of the Spirit of* CHRIST *compared to that of gentle Rains and Showers.*

Long Metre.

I.

AS Rain on new-mown Graſs deſcends,
And its enlivening Pow'rs extends
Till the ſhorn Spires their Loſs repair,
And riſe more flouriſhing and fair;

II.

As Summer-Show'rs in gentle Drops
Cheer and refreſh the thirſty Crops
Till they in golden Ranges ſtand,
And mellow'd aſk the Reaper's Hand;

III.

So o'er the World, Incarnate GOD,
Diffuſe thy Influence all abroad,
And form anew the Hearts of Men
Till *Eden*'s Beauties bloom again!

IV.

Amidſt the Waſtes and Wilds forlorn,
Chok'd with the Bramble and the Thorn,
Let the tall ſpiry Fir be ſeen,
And Myrtles ſpread their living Green.

V.

This Revolution ſo divine,
Where Pow'r and Love harmonious ſhine,
Thy peerleſs Praiſes ſhall proclaim,
And Land to Land reſound thy Name.

XXX. *The*

XXX. *The Bleſſedneſs of the Travellers to the heavenly* Zion.

PSALM lxxxiv. 5. Long Metre.

I.

HAPPY the Men, who, while their GOD
In *Salem* held his bleſt Abode,
Confiding on his Strength and Grace
Journey'd t' enjoy his ſmiling Face.

II.

Happy the Men in ancient Days,
Whoſe Hearts were ſet on *Zion*'s Ways:
Chearful along the barren Waſte
With perſevering Steps they paſt.

III.

Still happier they, whoſe Souls aſpire
To Heav'n with Hope and ſtrong Deſire,
And, as their Courſe they thither bend,
On uncreated Might depend:

IV.

From Stage to Stage, from Strength to Strength
They go, till they arrive at length
At the *Jeruſalem* above,
There to enjoy the GOD they love.

V.

Immortal Life, and Joys unknown,
Flow in full Rivers from the Throne;
In his own Light their GOD is ſeen
Without one veiling Cloud between.

XXXI. *The Journeys of the* Iſraelites *to the Temple of* God *on Mount* Zion, *and the Pilgrimage of Chriſtians to Heaven compared.*

PSALM lxxxiv. 6. Short Metre.

I.

AT the divine Command
T' appear before their God
Through *Baca*'s dry and thirſty Vale
The Tribes purſue their Road.

II.

Upon his promis'd Strength
Their humble Souls rely,
Nor doubt the God in whom they truſt
Will Streams of Life ſupply.

III.

Rain in large Show'rs deſcends,
And waters all the Waſte,
Till ev'ry Sire and ev'ry Son
Has through the Deſert paſs'd.

IV.

Thus through Time's dreary Wilds
Our God aſſiſts our Courſe,
And Joys in long Succeſſion riſe
From his o'erflowing Source.

V.

He ſheds his Influence down,
The Waſtes with Verdure ſpring;
Our Souls enjoy the bliſsful Change,
Our Lips his Praiſes ſing.

VI. Theſe

VI.

These Comforts crown our Way,
But when we reach our Heav'n
Immortal, infinite Delights,
And Glories shall be giv'n.

XXXII. *The Appearance of the Saints before* God *in his heavenly* Zion.

Psalm lxxxiv. 7. Common Metre.

I.

IN *Zion*'s holy Mount above
Behold the Saints appear,
Bid welcome to their Father's Seat,
The Joys and Glories there.

II.

Knowledge below but weak and dim,
Now shines divinely bright;
And God without a Cloud is seen
In his immediate Light.

III.

Through their enlarg'd, expanded Souls,
He pours unbounded Day,
And each transported Pow'r imbibes
His beatific Ray.

IV.

Duty and Zeal in all their Forms
They gratefully return,
Like Seraphs fly to do his Will,
And with their Ardors burn.

V.

Through Ages inexhaustible
This their divine Employ;
Their God, the Object of their Love,
And Centre of their Joy.

XXXIII. *The Pilgrim's Prayer for Guidance, Strength, and a ſafe Arrival at the heavenly* Zion.

PSALM lxxxiv. 8. Common Metre.

I.

LORD GOD, omnipotent to bleſs,
My Supplication hear;
Guardian of *Jacob*, to my Voice
Incline thy gracious Ear.

II.

If I have never yet begun
To tread the ſacred Road,
O teach my wand'ring Feet the Way
To *Zion*'s bleſt Abode!

III.

Or if I'm travelling in the Path,
Aſſiſt me with thy Strength,
And let me ſwift Advances make,
And reach thine Heav'n at length!

IV.

My Care, my Hope, my firſt Requeſt
Are all compriz'd in this,
To follow where thy Saints have led,
And then partake their Bliſs.

XXXIV. *Acceptance with* GOD *in* CHRIST JESUS.

PSALM lxxxiv. 9. Short Metre.

I.

BEHOLD, O GOD, the Face
Of thine anointed Son:
We from our Impotence and Guilt
To him for Refuge run.

II.

Our Mediator he
To interpoſe between
Thyſelf and us, and from our Souls
The Shafts of Vengeance ſcreen.

III.

He is our Sacrifice;
He in our Place has ſtood,
And to redeem our forfeit Lives,
Pour'd his atoning Blood.

IV.

For us He intercedes
That Mercies may be giv'n;
For us an Advocate appears
Before the Throne of Heav'n.

V.

Into his faithful Hands
We give our Souls, our All,
And in his Name for Pardon, Peace,
And endleſs Glory call.

VI.

A Shield invincible
His Righteouſneſs ſupplies,
That ſtands all Shocks, and bears unhurt
The Thunders of the Skies.

XXXV. *The meaneſt Place in the Sanctuary of the* LORD *preferred to all earthly Enjoyments.*

PSALM lxxxiv. 10. Common Metre.

I.

TO dwell one Day within thy Courts,
My GOD, my gracious King,
T' implore thy Love, to learn thy Will,
And thy Salvation ſing,

II.

Far, far in my Eſteem exceeds
A Thouſand Days beſide,
That in the Heights of carnal Mirth
Uninterrupted glide.

III.

Rather at *Zion*'s ſacred Gates
Would I a Servant wait
Than in the Tents of Sin reſide,
Or mount a Throne of State.

IV.

A near Connexion with our GOD,
The Viſions of his Love
Throw a ſweet Sunſhine o'er our Lives,
And fill the Bliſs above.

XXXVI. GOD *a Sun to his People.*

PSALM lxxxiv. 11. As the 148th Pſalm.

I.

GOD is our Sun, whoſe Rays
Diffuſe unbounded Day;
If he his Love diſplays,
Our Night is chas'd away:
Nor Light alone,
But on his Wings
He Healing brings,
And Bliſs unknown.

II.

As the Sun's wond'rous Pow'rs
Invigorate the Earth,
And give to Fruits and Flow'rs
Their Beauty and their Birth,

So where our God's
Bleſt Influence comes
An *Eden* blooms
From barren Clods.

III.

With the Sun's Splendors deck'd,
How fair the Planets ſhine?
And Saints their God reflect
In Luſtres all divine:
Renew'd by Grace,
While here below,
His Work they ſhow,
An heav'n-born Race.

IV.

But when they drop this Clod,
And mount th' etherial Height,
They ſhall behold their God
In full immediate Light:
And in Return
Through Heav'n's bleſt Days
They to his Praiſe
Shall ſhine and burn.

XXXVII. *The Fulneſs of Felicity in* God.

PSALM lxxxiv. 11, 12. Common Metre.

I.

GOD is a Sun, and Light, and Life
He ſcatters from his Wings;
God is a Shield, and where he comes
His Strength Salvation brings.

II. I

II.

In infinite Variety
To Man his Grace he ſhows,
And Glory and immortal Bliſs
On guilty Worms beſtows.

III.

To them that walk before his Eye
In Rectitude of Heart
His Favours he will not withhold,
But ev'ry Good impart.

IV.

Sov'reign of all the Hoſts above,
And Armies here below,
Bleſs'd is the Man who truſts in thee,
Whence endleſs Bleſſings flow.

XXXVIII. *The Character of* Lord of Hoſts, *as applied to the Almighty, illuſtrated and improved.*

PSALM lxxxiv. 12. Common Metre.

I.

LORD GOD of Hoſts, at thy Command
Frogs, Flies, and Locuſts riſe,
And ſpread through a rebellious Land
The Vengeance of the Skies.

II.

Lord God of Hoſts, to Arms and Death
When furious Nations run,
The Iſſues hang upon thy Breath;
Thy ſovereign Will is done.

III. *Lord*

III.

Lord God of Hoſts, thine Hand leads forth
The Stars in bright Array
From Eaſt to Weſt, from South to North,
And marks to each his Way.

IV.

Lord God of Hoſts, what Armies ſhine
Around thy Throne above
Swift to obey the Voice divine
Of Vengeance or of Love!

V.

Lord God of Hoſts, the Prince of Hell
And all his furious Train,
Who durſt againſt thy Throne rebel,
Are held within thy Chain.

VI.

O may thy ſovereign Majeſty,
Thou univerſal LORD,
By all on Earth, and all in Heav'n
Be honour'd and ador'd!

VII.

Their Birth to Thee all Beings owe,
All thy Dominion own,
From *Satan* in the Gulf below
To *Gabriel* on his Throne.

XXXIX. *Numbering our Days, and applying our Hearts to Wiſdom.*

PSALM XC. 12. Common Metre.

I.

HOW few the Days to ſpend on Earth
Which Heav'n allots to Man?
Seventy or eighty Years at moſt
Compleat the human Span.

II.

How many of theſe Years are gone?
Perhaps the Half or more,
Or but one Day or Hour remain
Uncancell'd on the Score.

III.

Who knows but the next Hour may ſpring
Some ſecret Mine of Death?
Who can enſure this heaving Frame
Another Draught of Breath?

IV.

O that this tranſitory State
Were duly weigh'd by all!
Think whither ſhall the Spirit fly,
When this frail Fleſh ſhall fall.

V.

Or endleſs Joys, or endleſs Woes
Await th' unbodied Mind;
And are we ſure t' eſcape the laſt,
And ſure the firſt to find?

VI.

Teach us, O teach us, Gracious God,
So to count o'er our Days
That we, to heav'nly Wiſdom brought,
May learn and love her Ways!

VII.

O juſtify us by thy Grace,
And all our Debts diſcharge,
And from th' enſlaving Bonds of Sin
Set ev'ry Heart at large!

VIII.

Thus ſhall we ſee without Regret
Our Days fly ſwift away,
And wiſh the Hour, that gives our Souls
To Heav'n's eternal Day.

XL. *Prayer for ourſelves, and our Children*

PSALM xc. 16 and 17. Long Metre.

I.

LORD, let thy Work to us appear
Devoted to thy Love and Fear,
And to our Seed thy Glory ſhow,
On them thy ſpecial Grace beſtow.

II.

Through all their Lives from Stage to Stage
Let them enjoy thy Patronage,
By thee with needful Good ſupply'd,
Thou their Defence, and thou their Guide.

III.

But more than all we aſk of Heav'n
Their Souls renew'd, their Sins forgiv'n,
Abundant Entrance when they die
Into the bliſsful Realms on high.

IV.

O GOD of Pow'r and Love unknown
Send thy divineſt Influence down
On us, and on our riſing Race,
Honour'd and happy in thy Grace!

XLI. *The ſpecial Protection and Favour of* GOD *to his own People here and hereafter.*

PSALM xci. Common Metre.

I.

THEY, who within the ſecret Place
Of the Moſt High reſide,
Under th' Almighty's guardian Care
Securely ſhall abide.

II. M

II.

My Soul ſhall to *Jehovah* ſay,
" Thou art my Rock and Tow'r,
" In Thee my Confidence I place
" In ev'ry dangerous Hour."

III.

He from the Fowler's ſecret Snare
Shall ſwift Deliverance ſend,
And from the noiſome Peſtilence
Thy threat'ned Life defend:

IV.

To Thee his overſpreading Wings
Shall ſure Protection yield,
And his eternal Truth ſhall prove
Thine adamantine Shield:

V.

Thou ſhall not fear, when *Terror* walks
Abroad, and ſmites by Night,
Or when the *forky Flame* by Day
With Vengeance wings its Flight:

VI.

The blue malignant *Plague*, that rides
With Midnight through the Skies,
And *Death* that in the Blaze of Noon
On burning Sun-beams flies,

VII.

Shall never chill thy Soul with Dread,
Nor interrupt thy Reſt,
In firm Connexion with thy GOD
For ever-ſafe and bleſs'd.

VIII.

When Thouſands and ten Thouſands die,
Swept down on either Side,
Midſt tainted Gales, and raging Heats
Thou ſhalt untouch'd abide,

IX.

Only thou ſhalt look around, and ſee
The Terrors of the LORD,
And with what Juſtice he divides
To Sinners their Reward:

X.

As thou haſt made th' eternal GOD,
My Glory and Defence,
The King of Kings, the Lord of Lords,
Thy choſen Reſidence,

XI.

No Evil on thine Head ſhall light,
When Heav'n its Vengeance pours
No Plague wide-waſting ſhall have Leave
T' approach thine hallow'd Doors;

XII.

Angels of thee ſhall take the Charge
By Orders from above,
And guard thee with unwearied Care,
Where'er thy Footſteps rove;

XIII.

With Hands unſeen but ever near
They ſhall thy Frame ſuſtain,
Leſt daſh'd againſt ſome ſecret Stone
Thy Foot ſhould mourn in Pain;

XIV.

The Lion prowling for his Prey,
The Aſp, the Dragon dire
Shall innocently lick thy Feet,
Or at thy Feet expire.

XV.

" Becauſe on me he ſet his Love,
" I'll ſave him, ſaith his GOD;
" Becauſe he knows my Name I'll ſpread
" His Honours all abroad.

XVI.

" His Pray'rs to me he ſhall preſent,
" And I'll his Pray'rs receive,
" I'll viſit him in his Diſtreſs,
" And Grace and Glory give;

XVII.

" To a long Life I'll ſtretch his Date
" Diſtinguiſh'd with my Grace
" Till his triumphant Soul aſcends
" To dwell before my Face."

XLII. *The Attributes and Perfections of Deity.*

PSALM xciii. Common Metre.

I.

JEHOVAH reigns with Glory crown'd,
And abſolute Command;
The World is founded by his Pow'r,
And govern'd by his Hand.

II.

Thy Throne, O GOD, was fix'd ſecure,
When Time and Worlds begun,
And from an everlaſting Source
Thy countleſs Years have run.

III.

High have the Floods their Surges toſs'd,
And in loud Terrors roar'd,
But o'er them all immenſe, ſupreme
Sits our Almighty LORD.

IV.

Thy Teſtimonies, O my GOD,
Are ſtedfaſt and ſecure,
And, when theſe lower Skies diſſolve,
Thy Glories ſhall endure.

V.

The Houſe, that's honour'd by thy Name,
And ſacred to thy Praiſe,
With heav'nly Graces ſhould be fill'd,
And bright'ned with their Rays.

XLIII. *Exhortations to humble Worſhip and holy Obedience.*

PSALM XCV. Common Metre.

I.

PROCLAIM the Honours of the LORD
With grateful Heart and Voice,
The LORD our everlaſting Strength,
And Fountain of our Joys:

II.

Enter his Preſence with your Praiſe
Reſounding from your Tongues,
And in his holy Temple join
Your Harmony of Songs.

III.

Great is the LORD, before his Feet
Your pureſt Off'rings bring:
Of Gods in Heav'n, and Gods on Earth
He ſits the ſovereign King.

IV.

Within the Hollow of his Hand
Earth's ſpacious Caverns lie,
He gave the Mountains all their Strength,
Whoſe Summits pierce the Sky.

V.

The Sea is his: his boundleſs Pow'r
Its broad Expanſe diſplay'd;
He too the ſolid Ground, and all
Its countleſs Treaſures made.

VI.

Come, let us worſhip, and bow down,
And celebrate his Name;
Come, let us kneel before the LORD,
For he has built our Frame:

VII.

He is our GOD, let him his own
In grateful Praiſe receive;
We are his People, and the Sheep
That on his Paſtures live:

VIII.

To-day, if you will hear his Voice,
The Voice of Law and Love,
Let not your Hearts grow bold in Sin,
And hard ſtill harder prove;

IX.

As in the Wilderneſs of old
Your Sires, a ſtubborn Race,
Diſtruſted ſtill, and ſtill ſinn'd on
Amidſt his conſtant Grace.

X.

Full forty Years, *Jehovah* cry'd,
"How did my Spirit grieve!
My Judgments they would not revere,
"Nor Promiſes believe,

XI.

At length, to righteous Wrath incens'd,
"I lifted up my Hand,
And ſware not one of all their Tribes
"Should reach the promis'd Land."

XLIV. God *speaking, and Men exhorted to hear.*

PSALM XCV. 7. Common Metre.

I.

IN all thy Works above, below,
Thy Voice, O GOD, we hear:
Though Senſe perceive it not, aloud
It ſounds in Reaſon's Ear;

II.

Days, Nights, and Seaſons as they roll,
To all thy Knowledge teach;
Sun, Moon, and Stars to every Land
Their Maker's Glories preach;

III.

But from thine holy Oracle
How gracious is thy Word!
Pardon, and Peace to dying Souls
Its Promiſes afford;

IV.

Thy Spirit too is there proclaim'd
To cleanſe and chear our Hearts:
What Purity its Pow'r beſtows!
What Joy its Love imparts!

V.

Still more it certifies our Minds,
When Life's ſhort Days are o'er,
Of endleſs Glories, endleſs Bliſs
On Heav'n's pacific Shore.

VI.

Then hear, O hear the Word divine,
And, while you hear, believe!
If infinite our Wants our GOD
Has boundleſs Grace to give.

XLV. *The Goodneſs of* God *thankfully recorded.*

PSALM ciii. Common Metre.

I.

MY Soul, the Honours of thy God
With heav'nly Zeal proclaim,
Awake, unite thine utmoſt Pow'rs
To bleſs his ſacred Name.

II.

O let thy Life, thy God, thine All
Be with thy Praiſes crown'd,
And let not all his Gifts of Grace
Die in Oblivion drown'd!

III.

He o'er thy foul Iniquities
His Veil of Mercy throws;
Thy ſoreſt Sickneſſes he cures,
And blooming Health beſtows:

IV.

He from the Grave's devouring Jaws
Thy threat'ned Life redeems,
And Mercy o'er thy following Days
Extends its ſmiling Beams:

V.

He from the Treaſures of his Love
Thy daily Wants ſupplies,
And, like the Eagle fledg'd afreſh,
Afreſh thy Vigours riſe:

VI.

Judgment and Righteouſneſs, that blend
Their Glories with his Grace,
He executes for Souls oppreſs'd,
And ſaves the pious Race.

VII.

To *Moſes*, honour'd and belov'd,
He made his Statutes known;
And *Iſrael* ſaw how bright his Arm
In their Salvation ſhone.

VIII.

The LORD will humble Penitents
From all their Guilt relieve;
The ſloweſt to conceive a Wrath,
And readieſt to forgive *:

IX.

He will not always chide, nor cloud
With endleſs Frowns his Face,
But ſoon his Indignation dies
In his unbounded Grace:

X.

He hath not meaſur'd out our Woes
As our Deſerts demand,
And oft, when *Juſtice* graſps the Bolt,
His *Mercy* ſtays its Hand:

XI.

High as o'er all the Earth extends
The Heav'n's ſtupendous Frame
Reign the rich Mercies of the LORD
O'er all that fear his Name:

XII.

Far as the Eaſt is from the Weſt,
Thoſe diſtant Points of Heav'n,
He from our dark deſponding Hearts
The Clouds of Guilt has driv'n.

XIII. A

* The Lines in Italics are taken from Mr. *Sternhold*'s Tranſlation, and perhaps happier could not have been given.

XIII.

As Fathers their young Offspring love,
And pity their Complaints,
The LORD his tender Mercies ſhows
To all his weeping Saints.

XIV.

He, who has built us by his Hand,
Well knows our brittle Frame,
That ſoon we back to Duſt return
As from the Duſt we came.

XV.

Our tranſient Lives are like the Graſs
That quickly fades and dies,
Or like the Flow'rs that at the Dawn
In blooming Beauty riſe,

XVI.

But ſoon before the chilling Blaſt
Away they all are blown,
By the fair Spot on which they grew
Forgotten and unknown.

XVII.

Meantime the Mercy of the LORD
Unchangeably ſhall reſt
On all his Saints, beneath its Wings
For ever ſafe and bleſs'd.

XVIII.

But not the Saints of GOD alone
Shall find a rich a Reward,
Their Childrens Children ſhall enjoy
The Kindneſs of the LORD,

XIX.

To the Covenant of his Grace
They ſtedfaſtly adhere,
And all his righteous Laws obey
With Piety ſincere.

XX.

The LORD has in the Heights of Heav'n
Rais'd his eternal Throne,
And his ſupreme Dominion ſpreads
Through Earth and Worlds unknown.

XXI.

Ye Angels, who in Strength tranſcend,
Who love to do his Will,
Who hear the Orders of his Throne,
And as you hear fulfil;

XXII.

Ye Hoſts, ye Miniſters above,
Who, ſwift as darted Flame,
Fly as his Love or Vengeance bids,
Your Maker's Praiſe proclaim.

XXIII.

From Clime to Clime, from World to World
O be our GOD ador'd!
Nor thou be ſilent, O my Soul,
Nor ceaſe to bleſs the LORD!

XLVI. *The Excellency and Pleaſures of Holineſs.*

PSALM CX. 3. Short Metre.

I.

AROUND *Immanuel*'s Throne
On his triumphal Day,
What Crowds of willing Converts bow
The Subjects of his Sway!

II.

No longer ſtain'd, diſgrac'd
With overſpreading Sin,
Array'd with Holineſs without,
And Holineſs within.

III.

LORD, we among the Train
To thee ourſelves adjoin:
Attach us by the Pow'rs of Love,
And make us ever thine!

IV.

Thy Yoke how ſoft and kind,
And thy Commands how ſweet!
Here Freedom and Obedience join,
And Grace and Duty meet.

XLVII. CHRIST *a ſure Foundation, and Thankſgivings to* GOD *for him.*

PSALM CXVIII. 22—27. Long Metre.

I.

THE Stone rejected with Diſdain
Th' eternal Fabric ſhall ſuſtain;
So Heav'n reſolves, and with Surprize
We ſee the glorious Building riſe.

II.

This is the Day ordain'd to ſhine
Above the Reſt with Bliſs divine;
This Day ſhall hear our thankful Voice,
Crown'd with its Mercies and our Joys.

III.

LORD, with united Voice we crave
Reveal thine Arm renown'd to ſave;
Our willing Souls their Saviour meet,
And bow obedient at his Feet.

IV.

GOD is the LORD, whoſe pow'rful Light
Has chas'd the Clouds of Guilt and Night,
And, grateful to our gracious King,
The Tribute of our Praiſe we bring.

V.

Loud and immortal be his Fame,
Who enters in his Father's Name;
And bleſs'd be all, ſhall *Zion* ſay,
That aid the Honours of the Day.

XLVIII. *Providential Care.*

PSALM CXXI. Long Metre.

I.

UP to th' eternal Hills above
To Pow'r immenſe and boundleſs Love,
For Aids to ſuccour and protect
My Hands I lift, my Eyes direct.

II.

All my Salvation muſt deſcend
From GOD, my ever-living Friend,
Who Heav'n's wide Canopy diſplay'd,
And Earth, and all its Millions made.

III.

His tender Care will not permit
Into the deathful Snare or Pit
Thy Feet to ſlide: no Sleep can cloſe
The Eye, that watches thy Repoſe.

IV.

Jehovah, who vouchſafes to keep
In his own Arms his feeble Sheep,
A pure, unchang'd, eternal Mind,
To Slumber never is inclin'd.

V.

Thy GOD, O Saint, ſhall ever ſtand
A guardian Shield at thy Right-Hand:
In Heats intenſe, in Vapours chill
No Seeds of Death have Pow'r to kill.

VI.

VI.

From ev'ry ſecret Harm, that lies
In midnight Damps and burning Skies,
He thine endanger'd Life ſhall ſave,
And diſappoint the op'ning Grave:

VII.

In Safety thou ſhalt quit thy Home,
In Safety to thy Manſion come,
Till, in Maturity of Age,
Thy God ſhall call thee from the Stage:

VIII.

Angels ſhall then attend thy Flight
To Worlds of infinite Delight,
There to enjoy thy Maker's Love,
A Pillar in his Courts above.

XLIX. *Public Worſhip, or an Attendance at the Houſe of* God.

Psalm cxxi. Common Metre.

I.

HOW did my Heart exult with Joy
To hear my Brethren ſay,
"Come, let us to the Houſe of God
"Together take our Way."

II.

Salem, within thy ſacred Gates
Our willing Souls ſhall reſt,
And with the Preſence of thy King
Be there divinely bleſt.

III.

Compact, in orderly Array
The Domes and Tow'rs aſcend;
Thither from *Iſrael*'s fartheſt Coaſts
The Tribes their Progreſs bend.

IV.

Jehovah there has fix'd his Seat,
There ſhines enthron'd in Grace,
There is invok'd, admir'd, and prais'd
By *Jacob*'s choſen Race.

V.

Impartial Juſtice to award
There too are rais'd the Thrones
Of high Authority and Pow'r
For *David* and his Sons.

VI.

Jeruſalem's perpetual Bliſs
Be this thy fervent Pray'r:
Bleſs'd are the Souls that for her Weal
Devout Affection bear.

VII.

Thou City of our God, let Peace
Within thy Walls abide,
And Happineſs in all its Joys
In all thy Tow'rs reſide.

VIII.

My Soul for my Companions Sakes,
My Brethren and my Friends,
For thy Proſperity to Heav'n
Its ardent Wiſhes ſends:

IX.

In Love for that dear ſacred Place
Where God has fix'd his Throne,
Thy Welfare, *Zion*, I will ſeek,
And make thy Bliſs my own.

L. *Public and remarkable Deliverances.*

PSALM cxxiv. Long Metre.

I.

"HAD not the LORD, may *Iſrael* ſay,"
While their aſtoniſh'd Eyes ſurvey
The dangerous Edge on which they ſtood,
And all below th' engulfing Flood,

II.

" Had not the LORD eſpous'd our Side,
" When, like an overwhelming Tide,
" Our Foes around us rag'd and roar'd,
" We had been all by Death devour'd;

III.

" Billows outrageous, uncontrol'd
" O'er our devoted Heads had roll'd;
" And in a Gulf immenſe, profound
" We, and our Race, had all been drown'd."

IV.

Let *Jacob*'s Sons with glad Accord
Proclaim the Praiſes of the LORD,
Who from our Foes inſatiate Jaws
Redeem'd us, and ſuſtain'd our Cauſe.

V.

Juſt as the Bird eſcapes the Net
The Fowler's ſecret Hand hath ſet,
We have eſcap'd: the Snare in twain
Is rent, and we are free again.

VI.

All human Succours we diſown,
Our Strength is in the LORD alone,
Who Heav'n's wide Canopy diſplay'd,
And Earth, and all its Nations made.

LI. *Humility and Meekneſs.*

PSALM cxxxi. Long Metre.

I.

LORD, may I not appeal to Thee,
Who doſt my Heart's firſt Motions ſee,
That Pride is by my Soul diſown'd,
Nor on my Eye-lids ſits enthron'd?

II.

Art thou not Witneſs that my Mind,
Within its proper Sphere confin'd,
Allows no lawleſs Wiſh to fly
At Things too great, or Things too high?

III.

Like a wean'd Child, that, huſh'd to Reſt,
No longer wrangles for the Breaſt,
I have behāv'd, and charg'd my Soul
To let not one wild Paſſion roll.

IV.

Let *Iſrael* hope in GOD alone,
And ſeek Salvation from his Throne
Through theſe, through all ſucceeding Days,
And mingle their Requeſts with Praiſe.

LII. *The Character and Bleſſedneſs of the People of* GOD.

PSALM cxliv. 15. Common Metre.

I.

HAPPY, ſupremely happy they
Whoſe Portion is the LORD:
Their pardon'd Guilt forbids their Fears
Of Heav'n's avenging Sword:

II. They

II.

They are renew'd, and ſanctifi'd
By Pow'r and Grace unknown,
They as the adopted Sons of God
Surround their Father's Throne:

III.

Heav'n ſhines propitious round their March
To *Canaan*'s bleſt Abode,
And Cluſters from the promis'd Land
Refreſh them on the Road:

IV.

At Death upon an Angel's Wing
Away their Spirits fly,
All pure, all perfect to the Climes
Of boundleſs Bliſs on high.

V.

Meantime the Tenants of the Grave
Their Bodies ſtay behind
Till the laſt Trump ſhall call them forth
Immortal and refin'd,

VI.

In *Jeſus*' glorious Form array'd
T' inherit with their Souls
Regions, where Light unclouded ſhines,
And endleſs Pleaſure rolls.

III. *The grateful Celebration of the divine Mercies.*

PSALM cxlv. Common Metre.

I.

MY God, my ever-gracious King,
Thy Favours I'll proclaim,
And through immeaſurable Age
Delight to bleſs thy Name.

II.

Each Day, that with freſh Mercies ſmiles,
Shall with freſh Songs be crown'd,
And through a bleſs'd Eternity
Thy Glories ſhall reſound.

III.

Great is the LORD, ſupremely great,
And great ſhould be his Praiſe;
Incomprehenſible his Name,
Unſearchable his Ways.

IV.

Ages to Ages ſhall recount
The Honours of the LORD,
And his Omnipotence and Love
In Hymns of Joy record.

V.

The Glories infinitely great,
That in thy Nature dwell,
And all the Wonders Thou haſt wrought
My tuneful Tongue ſhall tell;

VI.

Mankind from me ſhall catch the Flame,
And thy great Deeds rehearſe,
While I thy Majeſty declare
In my exalted Verſe:

VII.

Thy Love ſhall be their fruitful Theme,
Thy Love ſhall fill their Joys,
And the bright Honours of thy Truth
To Raptures tune their Voice.

VIII.

Compaſſion, Grace, Almighty LORD,
Are thy ſupreme Delight,
Unwillingly thine Anger moves,
But ſwift is Mercy's Flight.

IX.

To all thy Creatures thou art kind,
Thy Bounties all receive,
And oft, before they ſeek thine Aid,
Thine Hand delights to give.

X.

Inſcrib'd in Lines divinely fair
Thy Works thy Pow'r proclaim,
But Saints with conſcious Love and Joy
Adore and bleſs thy Name:

XI.

Thy Kingdom in its wide Extent
Shall be their copious Theme,
Their Songs ſhall celebrate thy Pow'r
Unbounded and ſupreme:

XII.

The matchleſs Wonders of thy Might
They through the World ſhall ſound,
And how thy glorious Empire ſpreads
The ſpacious Earth around.

XIII.

Thy Kingdom, O thou GOD of Gods,
For ever ſhall endure,
From hoſtile Force, and waſting Time
In its own Strength ſecure.

XIV.

The LORD with his all-pow'rful Arm
Suſtains the fainting Mind,
And Souls, oppreſs'd and ſunk with Woes,
In him Salvation find:

XV.

The Eyes of all thy Creatures wait
On Thee for daily Food,
And thy paternal Care for All
Provides the wanted Good:

XVI.

Th' unnumber'd Tribes of breathing Life
By Thee are all ſuſtain'd;
Birds, Fiſhes, Inſects, Beaſts, and Men
Feed from thy bounteous Hand.

XVII.

The LORD is juſt in all his Ways,
Holy in ev'ry Deed,
And nigh to all whoſe Pray'rs ſincere
Invoke him in their Need.

XVIII.

His Grace fulfils the large Deſires
Of all his humble Saints,
And ſwift Salvation he commands
To huſh their ſad Complaints.

XIX.

His Mercy like a Shield defends
The Souls that love his Name,
But on the daring Rebel's Head
He hurls th' avenging Flame.

XX.

His Honours ſhall adorn my Tongue,
The Glory of my Frame;
And let the World from Age to Age
His boundleſs Praiſe proclaim!

LIV. *Dependence upon* GOD *for Direction and Bleſſing.*

PROVERBS iii. 5 and 6. Long Metre.

I.

TRUST in the LORD with all thine Hea
Thy Rock, thy Refuge, and thy Re
His Pow'r, his Wiſdom, and his Love
Shall all conſpire to make thee bleſs'd:

II.

To thine own Judgment never lean,
'Twill ſurely diſappoint thine Hope:
Can broken Ciſterns Streams contain,
Or Reeds afford a ſtable Prop?

III.

Acknowledge GOD in all thy Ways,
To him let Pray'r inceſſant riſe,
And He through Time's bewilder'd Maze
Shall guide thy Paſſage to the Skies.

IV.

LORD, we into thine Hands commit
Ourſelves, and thy Direction crave,
Thou our Support in Life and Death,
And Thou our Bliſs beyond the Grave!

LV. *The Proviſions of* Divine Wiſdom *for the Indigent and Diſtreſſed, and her gracious Call to a Participation of them.*

PROVERBS ix. 1—6. Common Metre.

I.

WISDOM has built her royal Dome,
How fair the Columns riſe!
A Dome for Order, Beauty, Strength
The Emblem of the Skies:

II.

Her Beaſts are kill'd, her Herds, and Flocks,
The choiceſt of her Store;
Her Wines are mingled, and her Board
With Dainties cover'd o'er:

III.

Commiſſion'd by their gracious Queen
Abroad her Servants fly,
And on the City's Walls and Tow'rs
In Concert raiſe their Cry.

IV.

" Come, and partake her living Bread,
" That from the Heav'ns deſcends;
" Come, and partake her gen'rous Wine
" Prepar'd to bleſs her Friends;

V.

" From all your vain Aſſociates break,
" Return to GOD, and live,
" And in the Ways of *Wiſdom* walk,
" And her Commands receive."

VI.

What wonderful, what matchleſs Love
Is in their Voice expreſs'd!
Hunger and Wretchedneſs are call'd
To be reliev'd and bleſs'd.

VII.

What are the Precepts of our GOD
But Bleſſings to our Race!
In what harmonious Glories ſhine
His Majeſty and Grace?

LVI. *The Proclamation of Wiſdom to the Children of Men.*

PROVERBS ix. 2—6. Long Metre.

I.

HEAR what celeſtial *Wiſdom* cries:
" Eat of the Bread my Board ſupplies,
" Drink the rich Wines which I prepare,
" And in my nobleſt Bleſſings ſhare:

II.

" Here's a free Pardon for your Sin,
" The Stains without, and Stains within;
" By me adopting Grace is giv'n
" Into the Family of Heav'n:

III.

" Succour and Comfort I beſtow
" On Pilgrims through theſe Vales of Woe,
" And, led by my propitious Hand,
" They ſhall attain the promis'd Land."

IV.

May each of us at Wiſdom's Feaſt
Sit down an honour'd, happy Gueſt,
Till we to Glory ſhall remove,
And mingle with the Bleſs'd above!

V.

How rich the Entertainments there?
Seraphs and Saints the Banquet ſhare,
And endleſs Ages ſhall prolong
The Joy, the Triumph, and the Song.

LVII. *Sin the Madneſs of the Soul.*

Eccles. ix. 3. Common Metre.

I.

SIN is the Madneſs of the Soul
O'erturning Reaſon's Reign:
Confuſion, Tumult, lawleſs Rage
And Miſery form its Train.

II.

The Malady how wide it ſpreads!
Where is the Land or Sea,
Or Port, or Town, or Houſe, or Soul
That from this Peſt is free?

III.

With *Adam* in his Bow'rs of Bliſs
The dire Diſeaſe began,
And thence diffus'd its Poiſon down
Through all the Race of Man.

IV.

Poor Lunatics misjudge of Things,
And Sinners do the ſame:
To Bliſs ſubſtantial they prefer
The Shadow and the Name.

V.

Madmen are deaf to Argument:
As deaf Tranſgreſſors prove;
Eternal Judgment they deſpiſe,
And burſt the Bonds of Love.

VI.

Bedlam's gay Sons, dance, laugh, and ſing
Through all the live-long Day,
And on Damnation's ſlippery Brink
See madder Sinners play.

VII.

LORD, to the Souls which Thou haſt made
Thy ſaving Health reveal!
There's not a Miſery too great
For ſovereign Grace to heal.

LVIII. *Life to be zealouſly improved in A[ct] of Duty.*

ECCLES. ix. 10. Long Metre.

I.

THOU mortal and immortal Man,
Whoſe Life on Earth is but a Span,
But in the World unknown ſhalt be
Poſſeſſor of Eternity,

II.

Attend to what my Lips impart,
And write my Counſels on thine Heart,
What to be done thy Hand ſhall find
Perform with all thy Strength and Mind,

III.

Whether thy Duties ſhall relate
To this, or to the future State,
To what thy Body may require,
Or what may crown the Soul's Deſire;

IV.

For in the Grave, th' appointed Home,
To which thou ſoon, how ſoon! muſt come,
No Work ſhall by thy Hands be wrought,
No Project ſhall employ thy Thought,

V.

No Knowledge ſhall inſpire the Clods,
No Wiſdom bloſſom from the Sods;
All left undone, undone muſt lie
Beyond all Hope of Remedy.

VI.

Crowd, crowd thine Hours with Uſefulneſs,
All that can edify and bleſs;
Short will thy Stay on Earth be found,
But long thy Dwelling under Ground.

LIX. *The Stability and Glory of the Chriſtian Church.*

(*The Hints taken from* CANTICLES vi. 10.)

Common Metre.

I.

SAY who is She, that looks abroad
Like the ſweet-bluſhing Dawn,
When with her living Light ſhe paints
The Dew-drops of the Lawn;

II.

Fair as the Moon, when in the Skies
Serene her Throne ſhe guides,
And o'er the twinkling Stars ſupreme
In full-orb'd Glory rides;

III.

Clear as the Sun, when from the Eaſt
Without a Cloud he ſprings,
And ſcatters boundleſs Light and Heat
From his reſplendent Wings;

IV.

Tremendous as an Hoſt that moves
Majeſtically ſlow,
With Banners wide-diſplay'd, all arm'd,
All ardent for the Foe?

V.

This is the Church by Heav'n array'd
With Strength and Grace divine,
Thus ſhall ſhe ſtrike her Foes with Dread,
And thus her Glories ſhine.

LX. *The People of* GOD *the Barriers againſt deſolating Judgments, or Communities ſpared for the Sake of a few Righteous among them.*

ISAIAH i. 9. Short Metre.

I.

UNLESS the LORD of Hoſts
In his abundant Grace
Had in our Land a Remnant left,
An humble, pray'rful Race,

II.

Like *Sodom* we had felt
His all-conſuming Ire,
And like *Gomorrah* had been whelm'd
Beneath a Flood of Fire.

III.

'Tis for a righteous Few
A guilty Realm he ſpares,
Regards their Piety ſincere,
And hears their Groans and Pray'rs.

IV.

Among thy Saints and Sons
May we, O LORD, be found,
Honours and Bleſſings to the World,
And with thy Favour crown'd!

V.

Thus ſhall we be prepar'd
T' obey our Father's Will:
Alike his Glory, and our Good
Shall Life and Death fulfil.

LXI. *The Invitations of divine Mercy*, or *the Forgiveneſs of* GOD *to the greateſt Sinners.*

ISAIAH i. 18. Common Metre.

I.

"COME all ye Sinners, ſaith the LORD,
" Come to my gracious Throne,
" Obey my Call, accept my Love,
" Salvation is your own:

II.

" Crimſon and ſcarlet-colour'd Crimes
" My wond'rous Grace ſhall know;
" The Crimſon ſhall grow pure as Wool,
" The Scarlet white as Snow:

III.

" Proſtrate before your Sov'reign's Feet
" In Duſt and Aſhes lie,
" Cover'd with Shame, and drown'd in Tears,
" And *Guilty*, *Guilty* cry.

IV.

" Upon my Covenant, by the Blood
" Of *Jeſus* ratifi'd,
" For your Acceptance in my Sight
" For endleſs Life confide:

V.

" Be griev'd, be humbled for your Sins,
" And break their galling Chain,
" And ever faithful to your God
" In future Days remain:

VI.

" Thus ſhall your Guilt, however great,
" Be graciouſly forgiv'n;
" Thus by Abaſement you ſhall riſe,
" And reach the Heights of Heav'n.

LXII. *The Character and Bleſſedneſs of the Righteous.*

ISAIAH iii. 10. Short Metre.

I.

SAY to the righteous Man
It ſhall be well with Thee,
Thy God ſhall be thy Guide and Guard
Through Life's tempeſtuous Sea:

II.

In Death's tremendous Hour
He ſhall thy Soul ſuſtain,
And land thee on the peaceful Shores,
Where endleſs Pleaſures reign.

III.

When CHRIST returns from Heav'n
Thy ſleeping Duſt ſhall riſe,
And, with its bleſs'd Companion join'd,
Aſcend th' eternal Skies;

IV.

There in immortal Day,
That never yields to Night,
T' enjoy the Viſion of thy GOD,
In infinite Delight.

V.

And are our Friends deceas'd
Thus glorify'd and bleſs'd,
How ſhould we wiſh, and long, and wait
To reach the promis'd Reſt?

LXIII. GOD *acknowledged in his Providence, or ſudden and ſurprizing Deaths improved* *.

ISAIAH v. 12. Common Metre.

I.

IN all thou doſt, great ſov'reign LORD,
In Earth, and Seas, and Skies,
Whether thine Hand delightful Good
Or painful Ill ſupplies,

II.

We own Thee gracious, wiſe, and juſt,
We bow before thy Throne,
Submiſſive to thine holy Will,
Thou infinite Unknown!

* This Hymn was adapted to a Sermon on *Iſaiah* v 12. occaſioned by the Deaths, in leſs than a Week, of four Perſons, namely, Grandmother, Huſband, Wife, and Daughter out of one Family of the Name of *Poole* in *Fore-Street* near *Moorfields*, *London*, all of whom were buried in one Day, Oct. 21. 1771.

III.

If Death in Terror walks abroad,
And ſweeps whole Houſeholds down,
The awful Warrant, LORD, was thine,
In Execution ſhown.

IV.

O may we hear theſe loud Alarms,
And learn how frail we are,
And for the Realms of perfect Bliſs
And endleſs Life prepare!

V.

If Thou art nigh Death's ghaſtly Form
Aſſumes celeſtial Charms:
Who would not paſs his cold Embrace
To fly into thine Arms?

LXIV. *Inſenſibility under Divine Rebukes confeſſed, and a Spirit of Repentance implored.*

Compoſed for the FAST-DAY, *Feb.* 21, 1781, *and ſung after a Diſcourſe on* ISAIAH IX. 13.

Long Metre.

I.

STroke after Stroke thou, LORD, haſt giv'n,
And *Britain* bleeds beneath thy Hand:
War, like a Lion ruſhes forth,
Rends and devours at thy Command:

II.

Our Colonies abroad, our Strength,
Our Wealth, our Glory, and our Boaſt,
Againſt us riſe in hoſtile Arms,
Their Succour and their Friendſhip loſt.

III. The

III.

The *Papal* Pow'rs their Force unite,
Eager to ravage and deſtroy
Our Coaſts, our Cities, and our Lives;
Miſery and Ruin all their Joy.

IV.

Tempeſts with vaſt imperious Pow'rs
Through *Britain's Weſtern* Iſlands ſweep;
Unnumber'd Deaths beſtrew the Land,
Unnumber'd Deaths beſtrew the Deep.

V.

Yet, LORD, to Thee we have not turn'd
While Thou thy righteous Wrath haſt ſhown:
Where is the penitential Tear?
Or where the penitential Groan?

VI.

To Thee, Thou ſov'reign Lord of All,
With broken Hearts we have not ſought:
O may we on this ſolemn Day
Repentant to thy Throne be brought!

VII.

Henceforth may we renounce our Sins,
Henceforth thine holy Will obey,
Thus ſhall thine Indignation ceaſe,
And all theſe Clouds be chas'd away!

VIII.

Unwillingly thy Bolt is hurl'd,
But Mercy is thy dear Delight;
No Sinner proſtrate at thy Feet
Was ever baniſh'd from thy Sight.

LXV. *The Wonders of divine Power and Grace in their Triumph over Sin and Death.*

ISAIAH XXV. 7 and 8. Common Metre.

I.

THE LORD upon his holy Mount,
His choſen Dwelling-Place,
Shall to th' aſtoniſh'd World reveal
The Triumphs of his Grace:

II.

From all the Nations of the Earth,
With Guilt and Horror pale,
His Hand the Covering ſhall remove,
Shall ſnatch the deathful Veil:

III.

Sinners, from the dire Darkneſs freed,
Shall ſee with ſweet Surprize
The open Luſtres of the Day
In all their Pleaſures riſe.

IV.

Death, who in Vict'ry ſwallow'd all,
Inſatiate to devour,
Shall be in Vict'ry overwhelm'd,
Cruſh'd by eternal Pow'r.

V.

He the ſame great and gracious GOD
Shall wipe off ev'ry Tear
From ev'ry Face, and ev'ry Heart
With heav'nly Comforts cheer.

VI.

The Church, no more malign'd, oppreſs'd,
Shall into Glory riſe,
And ſhine through all the Earth confeſs'd
The Darling of the Skies.

VII.

This wond'rous Grace our God design'd,
This wond'rous Grace he ſpoke,
Nor ſhall the Pow'rs of Earth and Hell
His Promiſes revoke.

LXVI. Christ *a compleat Saviour, and the Soul betaking itſelf to him.*

Isaiah xxxii. 2. Common Metre.

I.

JESUS, on Thee, my ſure Defence,
My Help for ever nigh,
From the rough Blaſt, and ruſhing Storm
For Shelter I apply.

II.

Thou art my only Hiding-Place,
Thou my ſecure Abode,
When Vengeance like a Whirlwind flies,
And rages all abroad.

III.

As Rivers in a thirſty Land,
Kind Saviour, prove to me,
And let my Impotence and Want
Find full Relief in Thee.

IV.

As Rocks to guard from burning Skies
Their ample Shades extend,
Do Thou from Flames of Wrath divine
My guilty Soul defend.

V.

Deſerving Wrath, deſerving Hell,
Jeſus, to Thee I fly,
Reſolv'd, if Death muſt be my Doom,
Here at thy Feet to die.

VI.

But where's the Thunder, where's the Curſe,
Ev'n of an angry GOD,
That ſmites the Soul repos'd on Thee,
And ſprinkled with thy Blood?

LXVII. *The Renovation of the World by the Preaching and Power of the Goſpel.*

ISAIAH XXXV. Long Metre.

I.

THE pathleſs Wilds, the dreary Waſte
Shall into ſudden Verdure ſpring,
And, blooming like the Morning-Roſe,
With Beauty ſmile, with Plenty ſing:

II.

Not *Carmel*'s Heights, not *Sharon*'s Fields,
Not *Lebanon* with Cedars crown'd
Can yield a more delightful Sight,
Or ſhed a richer Fragrance round.

III.

Thus ſaith the Mercy of the LORD,
" The drooping Hands with Strength ſuſtain
" And let the trembling Knees no more
" Of Imbecility complain;

IV.

" Say to the tim'rous Souls, be ſtrong,
" Strong in your all-performing King;
" Your GOD ſhall come with his Rewards,
" And Vengeance and Salvation bring."

V.

From Night into the Joys of Day
The Blind emerge in ſweet Surprize,
And the deaf Ear in Rapture drinks
The Sounds that all around it riſe.

VI.

The Lame their Crutches ſhall forego,
And, like the bounding Hart, ſhall ſpring,
The Dumb ſhall feel their Tongues unbound,
And their Deliverer's Praiſes ſing:

VII.

Waters in thirſty Wilds ſhall riſe,
Waters through thirſty Wilds ſhall ſtray,
Broad Pools inveſt the ſandy Waſte,
And Fountains in the Deſarts play.

VIII.

On rifted Rocks forlorn and bare,
Where Dragons held their dire Abode,
Young Herbage ſpreads its green Array,
And the tall Reed and Bulruſh nod.

IX.

A plain and unobſtructed Road
Shall be prepar'd to *Zion*'s Gates,
There Holineſs to guide and guard
The Train of joyful Pilgrims waits:

X.

No Foot unclean ſhall ever tread,
Shall ever ſtain the heav'nly Way,
While Souls ſincere, however weak,
From the bleſt Path ſhall never ſtray.

XI.

No Lion, no voracious Beaſt,
Shall near its hallow'd Bounds appear,
In Safety the Redeem'd of Heav'n
Shall walk with growing Pleaſure there.

XII.

To *Zion* they with Songs ſhall come,
Their Brows with Wreaths of Triumph [crown'd,
And in immeaſurable Bliſs
All Sighs, and Sorrows, ſhall be drown'd.

LXVIII. *The Frailty of Man, and the Permanency of the divine Word.*

ISAIAH xl. 6—8. Long Metre.

I.

THUS from the Oracle on high
The Voice commands, "Go, Prophet, cry,"
"What ſhall I cry?" He ſwift replies,
"What is the Pleaſure of the Skies?"

II.

All Fleſh is Graſs, and all its Pow'r
And Beauty like the vernal Flow'r,
That ſmiling at the early Dawn
Adorns the dew-beſprinkled Lawn.

III.

How ſoon, alas! the verdant Spires
Decay! How ſoon the Flow'r expires!
Swift o'er them ſweeps th' Almighty's Breath
And all their Glories fade in Death.

IV.

How ſoon, alas! the verdant Spires
Decay! How ſoon the Flow'r expires!
But firm the Word Divine remains,
Firm ev'ry Bleſſing it contains.

V.

When Earth to its Foundations ſhakes,
Heav'n's ample Dome in Ruin breaks,
Jehovah's Promiſe ſhall endure,
Of undecaying Life ſecure.

LXIX. *Divine Majeſty.*

ISAIAH xl. 15, 16, 22. Long Metre.

I.

WHAT Wonders does our GOD perform?
He in his Palm the Deep confines,
Spans the vaſt Heav'n, and to its Orbs
Preſcribes th' inviolable Lines:

II.

The Duſt of Earth, the Ocean's Sands,
He in his Meaſure comprehends,
The Hills in Balances He weighs,
And Mountains in his Scales ſuſpends:

III.

Before his Eye the ſpacious Lands
Small as the Bucket's Drop appear,
Or Duſt, that to the Balance cleaves,
But of no Weight, or Moment there.

IV.

Iſlands, that Ocean's Rage defy,
Chain'd to the Bottom of the Seas,
To him are but a flitting Mote,
The Sport of ev'ry wand'ring Breeze.

V.

Not *Lebanon* with all its Woods,
With all its Cattle, can ſupply
An equal Offering to that GOD,
Who rides in Thunder through the Sky.

VI.

He on the Circle of the Earth
Sits thron'd in Sovereignty ſupreme,
Thence to his Eye the human Race
Small as the Summer's Inſects ſeem:

VII. He

VII.

He the celeſtial Canopy,
Like a broad Veil, diffuſes wide,
Or like a Tent, beneath whoſe Shade
Unnumber'd Multitudes reſide.

VIII.

Loud let the Earth as Heav'n reſound
The Praiſe of our Almighty LORD:
Be ev'ry Idol daſh'd in Duſt;
His Majeſty alone ador'd!

LXX. *The Compaſſion and Care of* CHRIST *for weak Believers.*

ISAIAH xlii. 3. Common Metre.

I.

A Reed, how tender is its Make!
Its Strength at beſt how ſmall!
A bruiſed Reed how doubly weak,
And bending to its Fall!

II.

Yet this poor Reed, his Words declare,
Jeſus will not reject;
His Hands its Breaches ſhall repair,
Its drooping Frame erect.

III.

Though, like a Spark in Flax conceal'd,
That rather ſmokes than burns,
Our Graces no pure Luſtres yield,
And make no bright Returns;

IV.

Our kind *Immanuel* will not tread
The ſmoth'ring Wicks in Death;
They by his Unction ſhall be fed,
And quicken'd by his Breath.

V.

LORD, to my Soul be ever near,
Reveal thy Power and Love,
Till I before thy Face appear,
And join thy Saints above!

VI.

Then ſhall this ſhatter'd Reed be found
Divinely fair and ſtrong;
And there the ſmoking Flax ſhall ſhine
Seraphic Flames among.

LXXI. *Light and Darkneſs, Good and Evil proceeding from* GOD.

ISAIAH xlv. 7. Long Metre.

I.

THUS ſaith the LORD, who dwells on high,
Who ſpread the Arches of the Sky,
Who ſpoke, and gave the World its Birth,
Pour'd out the Seas, and form'd the Earth;

II.

The Light, with all the Joys it brings,
Flows from my inexhauſted Springs,
The Darkneſs too hears my Commands,
And ſpreads its Horrors round the Lands:

III.

I bid the roaring Tempeſt ceaſe,
And bleſs the troubled World with Peace;
Again my Hand removes the Chains,
And War in all its Mis'ries reigns.

IV.

Theſe are the Things that I perform,
And I alone: mine is the Storm,
And mine the Calm, and Good and Ill
Are both the Servants of my Will.

V.

Great Omnipreſent! at thy Throne
We bow, and thy Dominion own;
In all our Bliſs thy Love confeſs,
In all our Woes thy Righteouſneſs.

LXXII. *Souls choſen by* God *in the Furnace of Affliction.*

Isaiah xlviii. 10. Common Metre.

I.

HOW often do the Sons of Men
Sharp Suff'rings undergo?
How often are the Scenes of Life
The Scenes of various Woe?

II.

What dire Diſeaſes hover round,
Each with a killing Dart?
Our Comforts die, our Sorrows live,
And Smart ſucceeds to Smart:

III.

Ev'n God's own Favourites, whom his Grace
For Thrones on high ordains,
Into the furious Flame are caſt,
And feel its tort'ring Pains;

IV.

But all is Mercy; from their Minds
The Furnace clears the Droſs,
And thence they come improv'd, refin'd,
And bleſs the happy Loſs.

V.

Lord, by whatever ſore Diſtreſs
Thy Wiſdom ſhall ſee fit
To purge away our ſinful Stains,
O teach us to ſubmit!

VI.

Better a thouſand Furnaces
Endure, while here below,
Than, from a thouſand guilty Joys,
Deſcend to endleſs Woe.

VII.

This is a State of Diſcipline
To train us for the Skies:
Happy, if from theſe Griefs and Groans,
At length to Heav'n we riſe!

VIII.

Afflictions here are light and ſhort,
With future Bliſs compar'd:
Service and Suff'ring for our GOD
Shall find a rich Reward.

LXXIII. *The Abaſement and Sufferings of our* LORD *the Salvation of his People.*

ISAIAH liii. 1—6. Common Metre.

I.

HOW few to our divine Report
A cordial Faith have giv'n?
By whom is ſeen, by whom ador'd,
Th' extended Arm of Heav'n?

II.

He, like a tender Plant, ſhall grow
Beneath his Father's Eye,
Or, like a Root, that ſprings alone,
In Deſerts bare and dry.

III.

No Robes array him, round his Brows
No Glory ſheds its Beam,
No royal Majeſty appears
To challenge our Eſteem:

IV.

Held in Abhorrence and Contempt
He meaſures out his Date,
Sorrow his never-failing Gueſt,
And Grief his Intimate.

V.

We, to all kind Senſation ſteel'd,
Our Faces turn'd aſide,
His humble State deſpis'd and ſcorn'd
By our misjudging Pride:

VI.

Yet our Diſtreſſes he ſuſtain'd,
And made our Pains his own,
While He appear'd accurs'd of GOD,
And ſunk beneath his Frown.

VII.

How did his Body for our Sins
Wounds and ſharp Anguiſh feel?
His Chaſtiſement our Peace procures,
His Stripes our Anguiſh heal.

VIII.

All we, like Sheep on Wand'ring bent,
From GOD have gone aſtray,
And headlong to Perdition ruſh'd,
Each in his different Way;

IX.

But on him his great Father laid
Th' Offences of us all:
Around his Head what Billows beat,
What Storms of Vengeance fall!

X.

Yet this the Way All-gracious Heav'n
To ſave our Race ordains:
Our Glories ſpring from *Jeſus'* Shame,
Our Bleſſings from his Pains.

LXXIV. Christ's *Humiliation our Glory.*

Isaiah liii. 2. Long Metre.

I.

IMMANUEL, like a tender Plant,
Or Root from barren Ground ſhall riſe,
Though by his Father-God approv'd,
Crown'd with the Bleſſings of the Skies.

II.

No outward Splendor, outward Pomp
T' allure and dazzle human Sight,
No Beauty in his Form are ſeen
T' attach our Honour or Delight:

III.

But 'midſt this humble, low Diſguiſe,
The Wonders of his Love we trace:
The lower the Redeemer ſtoops,
The higher riſe the human Race:

IV.

Divinely rich He for our Sakes
Impoveriſh'd, indigent became,
That Sinners through his Poverty
Might Heav'n's eternal Treaſures claim.

V.

Glory to God, who ſent his Son
To ſuffer Shame and Grief unknown,
And Glory to the Prince of Heav'n,
Who made our Puniſhment his own.

LXXV. *The Debaſement and Sufferings of* CHRIST *the Foundation of our Happineſs and Glory.*

ISAIAH liii. 3. Short Metre.

I.

BEHOLD, the Son of GOD
Abhor'd, outcaſt by Man!
Through all his Life what Streams of Grief
Uninterrupted ran!

II.

From him we turn'd away
Our Faces in Deſpight,
In him no Excellence appear'd
T' attach and charm our Sight.

III.

Behind this foul Eclipſe
Immenſe Compaſſions ſhine;
On thine Abaſement, Gracious LORD,
We ground our Hopes divine:

IV.

Our Glory to thy Shame,
Our Treaſures to thy Loſs
We owe, and endleſs Life and Bliſs
We gather from thy Croſs.

V.

"What Kind of Love is this,"
We cry, as we admire?
"What Kind of Perſons ſhould we be,"
"Our grateful Souls inquire?

VI.

The higheſt Love demands
The higheſt Love again:
Come, heav'nly Love, fill all our Hearts,
In all our Boſoms reign!

LXXVI. *The Sufferings of* CHRIST *imputed for our Juſtification.*

ISAIAH liii. 4, 5, and 6. Long Metre.

I.

JESUS our Guilt and Griefs remov'd,
Though we eſteem'd him diſapprov'd,
Smitten, abhorr'd, accurs'd of GOD,
Puniſh'd with his avenging Rod:

II.

But not for Crimes which He had done,
But our Iniquities alone,
Wounds and deep Anguiſh He endur'd,
And by his Death our Life procur'd:

III.

His Chaſtiſements our Peace enſure,
His painful Wounds effect our Cure;
Ours are the Gains, and his the Loſs,
Ours is the Triumph, his the Croſs.

IV.

In the Redemption of our Race
What Beams of Righteouſneſs and Grace
Mingle their Glories? Who ſhall raiſe
An equal Song of Love and Praiſe?

V.

Angelic Tongues are all too weak
The Wonders of his Croſs to ſpeak,
And Thought itſelf deſpairs to ſound
A Depth of Mercy ſo profound.

LXXVII. *The Patience of our* LORD *in his Sufferings for us.*

ISAIAH liii. 7. Common Metre.

I.

BEHOLD the Sufferings of our LORD!
Heav'n, Earth, and Hell were join'd
With Pains and Wounds t' afflict his Flesh,
With worse Distress his Mind:

II.

Patient the great Redeemer stood,
Th' enormous Woe sustain'd,
Nor midst his conscious Innocence,
Or murmur'd, or complain'd.

III.

So Sheep beneath the Shearer's Hands
In gentle Patience lie;
So Lambs are to the Slaughter brought,
And unresisting die.

IV.

Thus were the Mountains of our Guilt
From us remov'd away,
And from his Midnight Darkness broke
Beams of celestial Day.

V.

What equal Thanks, Incarnate GOD,
Shall to thy Name be giv'n?
Whose reconciling Blood has bought,
Has seal'd our Peace with Heav'n?

VI.

Jesus, for Pardon of our Guilt,
We on thy Merits rest:
Union and Fellowship with Thee
Alone can make us bless'd:

VII. An

VII.

And, while we build our Hopes on Thee,
Thy Steps may we purſue,
And in Affliction's ſharpeſt Pains
Our Patience, LORD, renew!

LXXVIII. *The Sufferings of* CHRIST, *and their conſequent Glories.*

ISAIAH liii. 7—12. Common Metre.

I.

BEHOLD the Son of GOD oppreſs'd
With ev'ry cruel Wrong,
Yet no Reſentment, no Complaint
Falls from his gentle Tongue:

II.

As Lambs are to the Slaughter brought,
Or as the patient Sheep
Under their Shearers Hands are dumb,
His Lips their Silence keep.

III.

From Priſon, from th' unrighteous Bar
Behold him led away:
Who then ſhall glory in his Name?
Or his Commands obey?

IV.

Like a flagitious Criminal
He from the Earth was driv'n,
Yet for our Sakes, and in our Room
He bore the Curſe of Heav'n:

V.

He with the Wicked made his Grave,
And with the Rich was laid:
No Violence his Hands had wrought,
No Guile his Lips betray'd.

VI.

His God, his Father ſmites his Son
With many a ſecret Wound,
Wrath rolls on Wrath till all his Soul
Is in the Deluge drown'd:

VII.

But when to expiate our Guilt
He has effus'd his Blood,
A Seed ſhall riſe t' adore his Grace,
And ſpread his Praiſe abroad:

VIII.

His Name in Glory ſhall reſound
Long as the World ſhall ſtand,
And the good Pleaſure of our God
Shall proſper in his Hand.

IX.

From the ſharp Pangs his Soul endur'd,
Unnumber'd Births ſhall riſe,
Thoſe Births with Rapture He ſhall view,
And train them for the Skies:

X.

By an Acquaintance with his Grace
They ſhall be juſtify'd,
For He aſſum'd their Guilt, and He
For them in Anguiſh dy'd:

XI.

Nations, the numerous and the ſtrong,
Shall to his Reign be giv'n,
Becauſe for them He pour'd his Blood
To quench the Wrath of Heav'n:

XII.

He of Delinquents ſhar'd the Doom,
The Curſe for Millions bore,
And Mercy for his Murd'rers aſk'd
Amidſt his guſhing Gore.

LXXIX. Christ *making his Way to Glory through the Depths of Humiliation.*

Isaiah liii. 12—10. Short Metre.

I.

BEHOLD the Lamb of God,
Who waſh'd our Sins away,
To raging, to devouring Wolves
Become an helpleſs Prey.

II.

To *Pilate*'s Judgment-Seat
Behold him led along
Amidſt the Scoffs, amidſt the Rage
Of the inſulting Throng.

III.

Who ſhall his future Life,
Or future Reign declare?
All Hope, all Help from him is loſt,
And buried in Deſpair:

IV.

But, though by godleſs Hands
He periſh'd from the World,
And on his Head for our Offence
Th' avenging Bolt was hurl'd,

V.

Yet *Jeſus* not in vain
This Shame and Death endures,
Our Glories from his Shame ariſe,
His Death our Life procures.

VI.

From vile Impriſonment
From his unrighteous Doom,
From Shame and Torture on the Croſs,
From Death's tremendous Gloom

VII.

Behold the Saviour riſe,
With peerleſs Glories crown'd,
Sin, Death, and Satan all enchain'd,
And to his Chariot bound!

VIII.

Exalted to his Throne,
And thence his Spirit ſhed,
Nations ſhall to his Standard run,
And wide his Praiſe be ſpread;

IX.

For from the Tribes of Men
His Life was ſnatch'd away,
And on his Head the People's Curſe
In all its Vengeance lay.

X.

Thus wonderful the Way
In which Redemption flows:
What Soul the Wiſdom but admires,
With Gratitude but glows?

XI.

Jeſus, I fly to Thee,
With Thee my All I truſt,
Who in thy boundleſs Grace haſt dy'd
The Holy for th' Unjuſt.

LXXX. *The Renovation of Mankind repreſented by the Removal of Thorns and Briars, and the Planting of Trees of Uſefulneſs and Delight.*

ISAIAH lv. 13. Short Metre.

I.

WHAT a delightful Change
Will open to the View
When GOD ſhall pour his Spirit down,
And theſe wild Waſtes renew!

II.

In Plains perplex'd with Thorn
The Fir ſhall rear its Head,
And Myrtles, where the Brambles grew,
Shall their rich Odours ſhed:

III.

Worthleſs and noiſome Weeds
No more ſhall choke the Ground,
But Plants and Trees of Righteouſneſs,
Shall through the World abound:

IV.

To the Creator-God
Each ſhall a Glory prove,
The everlaſting Monuments,
And Triumphs of his Love.

LXXXI. *The Bleſſedneſs of Saints in Body and Soul at Death.*

ISAIAH lvii. 2. Short Metre.

I.

THE Saints diſmiſs'd from Life
Shall enter into Peace,
And from all Pains, and Sins, and Snares
Enjoy a ſweet Releaſe:

II.

They on their Beds of Duſt
Shall in ſoft Slumbers lie
Till the Archangel's Trump ſhall ſound,
And call them to the Sky:

III.

Then ſhall each Feature glow
With an immortal Bloom,
And Glory deck them as they riſe
Triumphant from the Tomb:

IV.

Meantime their Souls advanc'd
To Realms of heav'nly Light
Shall walk in Rectitude unſtain'd,
And Robes divinely bright.

V.

Their Duty and their Bliſs
Shall in one Centre meet,
To know, to love, t' enjoy their God,
And bow beneath his Feet.

VI.

O when ſhall we attain
This holy, happy Life,
And end theſe dark tumultuous Days
Of Sorrow, Guilt, and Strife!

LXXXII. Christ *anointed to heal and ſave.*

Isaiah lxi. 1. Common Metre.

I.

THE Souls bow'd down beneath the Load
Of Life's unnumber'd Woes,
The Souls, where Guilt its Terrors ſpreads,
And, like a Furnace, glows,

II. The

II.

The Souls, who groan beneath the Chains
Of Sin's tremendous Reign,
Jesus redeems, breaks ev'ry Bond,
And quiets ev'ry Pain;

III.

The Broken-hearted He relieves,
And binds up all their Wounds,
And for the Groans of deep Deſpair
The Voice of Joy reſounds.

IV.

Be Thou my Saviour, LORD of Life,
And all my Griefs remove!
Pleaſure ſhall flow through all my Days,
And all my Song be Love.

LXXXIII. CHRIST *the Saviour of Sinners by ſuffering in their Room.*

ISAIAH lxi. 2. Long Metre.

I.

"I Come, the great Redeemer cries,
"A Year of Freedom to declare,
"From Debts and Bondage to diſcharge,
"And *Jews* and *Greeks* the Grace ſhall ſhare:

II.

"A Day of Vengeance I proclaim,
"But not on Man the Storms ſhall fall,
"On me its Thunders ſhall deſcend,
"My Strength, my Love ſuſtain them all."

III.

Stupendous Favour! Matchleſs Grace!
Jeſus has dy'd that we might live:
Not Worlds below, nor Worlds above
Could ſo divine a Ranſom give.

IV.

To him, who lov'd our ruin'd Race,
And for our Lives laid down his own,
Let Songs of joyful Praiſes riſe,
Sublime, eternal as his Throne.

LXXXIV. CHRIST *the Miniſter of Conſolation to diſtreſſed and mourning Souls.*

ISAIAH lxi. 3. Common Metre.

I.

" I Come, th' Incarnate Saviour cries,
" To comfort all that grieve,
" And to ſad *Zion*'s mournful Sons
" A full Redemption give:

II.

" For Aſhes ſtrew'd upon the Head,
" And ſprinkled o'er the Face,
" Beauty in all its Charms ſhall glow,
" And ſpread its blooming Grace:

III.

" Inſtead of Sorrow's flowing Tears,
" And Sobs, and Groans, and Sighs,
" The Oil of Joy my Hand ſhall pour,
" And Songs of Praiſe ſhall riſe:

IV.

" For Heavineſs, that bows the Soul
" Under its Weight of Woe,
" Garments of Triumph fair and bright
" My Mercy ſhall beſtow."

V.

Bleſs'd Sun of Righteouſneſs ariſe,
And ſhed thy ſovereign Ray,
Strike thro' theſe Clouds, diſpel this Night,
And bring the promis'd Day!

LXXXV. *The Happineſs of the People of* God.

Isaiah lxi. 10. Short Metre.

I.

THEY who are juſtify'd,
Whoſe Sins are all forgiv'n,
They, who renew'd by ſov'reign Grace,
Are qualify'd for Heav'n,

II.

May triumph in their God,
And tune to Praiſe their Breath,
Amidſt the rougheſt Storms of Life,
Amidſt the Floods of Death:

III.

Th' eternal God is theirs,
And they are ever his,
The Children of adopting Grace,
The Heirs of endleſs Bliſs:

IV.

Garments of Joy and Praiſe,
Rich Robes of Righteouſneſs,
More bright, more laſting than the Sun,
Are their ennobling Dreſs.

V.

In this divine Array,
Lord, let our Souls appear
Before thy Bar, and there approv'd,
Thy bliſsful Plaudit hear!

LXXXVI. God *the Fountain of living Waters, and Creatures broken Ciſterns.*

Jeremiah ii. 13. Long Metre.

I.

NOT like a Lake, that ſpreads ſerene
Its Waters over Mire unſeen;
Not like a Brook, whoſe tranſient Streams
Vaniſh, exhal'd by Summer's Beams,

II.

But a full Fountain is our God,
Whoſe Mercies flowing all abroad
Perpetual Life and Joy ſupply
Till we aſcend the Seats on high.

III.

How fooliſh then the Souls who frame
Ciſterns that cannot quench their Flame,
But crumbling make their Labours vain,
Nor can one healthful Draught contain?

IV.

Ambition's Breath is empty Wind,
Riches can never fill the Mind,
Pleaſure is but delicious Bane,
A tranſient Joy, an endleſs Pain.

V.

Then why ſhould they our Hearts allure
From Bliſs all permanent and pure,
The Strength, and Solace of the Soul,
When Tempeſts beat, and Billows roll?

VI.

From Shadows, Vanity, and Duſt,
To Thee, O God, our Hope, and Truſt,
Our All below, our All above,
We fly on Wings of Joy and Love.

LXXXVII. The ſame. Long Metre.

I.

WHAT Evils have my People done?
And into what mad Follies run?
Me, their full Fountain of Supplies,
Whence all their Streams of Bleſſing riſe,

II.

They have renounc'd and ſet at nought,
Nor aſk of me one heav'nly Draught
Of that unbounded Happineſs,
Which I their GOD alone poſſeſs:

III.

Ciſterns meantime their Hands prepare,
And frame with long laborious Care
In vain: ſoon breaks the brittle Mold,
And can no Weight of Waters hold.

IV.

O let us not thoſe Sins renew,
Which antient *Iſrael* dar'd to do!
The Fountain of Felicity,
Our GOD, we ſeek alone in Thee.

LXXXVIII. *Pleading for national Pardon and Salvation.*

JEREMIAH xiv. 7—9. Long Metre.

I.

LORD, though our ſoul Iniquities,
Like loud Accuſers, round us riſe,
Yet for thy Name's, thy Mercy's Sake,
To ſave us from our Guilt awake:

II.

Our Sins before Thee we confeſs,
Though more than Numbers can expreſs:
We have rebell'd againſt our GOD,
Abus'd thy Grace, provok'd thy Rod.

III.

O Thou, the Hope of *Iſrael*'s Seed,
Their Refuge in the Hour of Need,
Who oft haſt heard their mournful Cry,
And ſent Salvation from on high,

IV.

O do not like a Stranger prove,
Grant a ſhort Glimpſe, and then remove,
Or like a Man that for a Night
Sojourns and vaniſhes from Sight.

V.

Why ſhould th' Omnipotent appear
Like Warriors thunderſtruck with Fear,
Who once renown'd for Actions brave
Now ſhrink, and can no longer ſave?

VI.

In *Zion* Thou haſt fix'd thy Throne
In Grace and Majeſty unknown,
We bear the Honours of thy Name:
O leave us not to Grief and Shame!

VII.

Thus did the Prophet plead of old
For *Iſrael*, an endanger'd Fold,
And now for *Britain*, LORD, we pray:
O deign to ſhine our Clouds away!

LXXXIX. *The ſpecial Regards of* God *to his People in Times of general Degeneracy.*

Ezekiel ix. 4. Long Metre.

I.

NATIONS, with ſpecial Favours crown'd,
Where Joys of ev'ry Kind abound,
May to the Lord rebellious prove,
Tranſgreſs his Laws, abuſe his Love:

II.

In theſe ſad Times the Saints of God,
Who love his Name, and fear his Rod,
From the deep Woes they feel within
Will mourn the ſpreading Reign of Sin:

III.

From Day to Day they breathe their Sighs,
From Day to Day their Groans ariſe,
From Day to Day their Eyes o'erflow
With Tears, and no Ceſſation know.

IV.

"Theſe, ſaith the Lord, to me are known;
"My Love ſhall mark them for my own,
"And I'll my Shield around them ſpread,
"While Vengeance ſmites the Rebels dead."

V.

May we with mourning Souls be found,
When Love grows cold, and Crimes abound!
The Seeds that Saints in Sadneſs ſow
Shall into Bliſs immortal grow.

XC. Belſhazzar's *Crimes, Doom, and Puniſhment.*

DANIEL v. Common Metre.

I.

SEE *Babylon*'s voluptuous Prince
A royal Feaſt prepare,
And call a thouſand fav'rite Lords
With him its Joys to ſhare:

II.

The Veſſels, which his Grandſire brought
From *Iſrael*'s waſted Coaſts,
Spoils of that ſacred Houſe, where dwelt
Enthron'd the LORD of Hoſts,

III.

The King demands; they crown his Board,
And hence his Lords and He
Profanely drank, and prais'd the Gods,
Which neither hear nor ſee:

IV.

In the ſame Hour upon the Wall
An awful Viſion ſhin'd:
Fingers were ſeen that wrote, and left
Their myſtic Marks behind.

V.

The Prince beheld, and at the Sight
Amaz'd, appall'd he ſhook,
Together ſmote his Knees, and Fear
Glar'd on his ghaſtly Look.

VI.

Only a Prophet of the LORD
The Meaning could declare,
"O King, thou in the Scales art weigh'd,
"And found deficient there."

VII.

In the ſame Night the conqu'ring Sword
Of *Cyrus* drank his Blood:
Away th' unbodied Spirit flew,
And ſtood before its God:

VIII.

It ſtood condemn'd, accurſt for Want
Of *Virtue*'s Worth divine.
Sinner, repent, or be aſſur'd
Belſhazzar's Doom is thine.

XCI. *Souls weighed in a righteous Balance.*

DANIEL v. 27. Common Metre.

I.

SEE in impartial Righteouſneſs
Both Saints and Sinners weigh'd
Before that Bar, where no Regard
To Pomp or Pow'r is paid.

II.

Sinners are found devoid of Good
Like Chaff upon the Scale,
Nor can Pretenſions, Forms, and Shows
In this dread Hour prevail:

III.

The Saints, of ſolid Worth poſſeſs'd,
The Truth and Pow'r of Grace,
By Heav'n approv'd, ſhall with the Heirs
Of Glory find a Place.

IV.

When in the Balances divine
My trembling Soul is weigh'd,
O may the Merits of my LORD
Againſt my Crimes be laid!

V.

All my innumerable Sins
Their Worth will countervail,
Mountains of Guilt ſhall prove but Duſt
In the oppoſing Scale.

XCII. *The Bleſſings of Adoption.*

HOSEA i. 10. Common Metre.

I.

ADOPTION, ev'n among Mankind,
What Bleſſedneſs it brings?
Beggars and Slaves are made the Sons,
Are made the Heirs of Kings.

II.

But, O, adopting Grace with Heav'n
A Favour how divine!
Sinners become the Sons of GOD,
Among his Princes ſhine:

III.

No more enthrall'd, no more eſtrang'd,
We *Abba*, Father, cry,
And, full of filial Faith and Joy,
We to his Throne apply.

IV.

As Fathers melt with tend'reſt Love
O'er Children in Diſtreſs,
So will the LORD his Saints, his Sons
Compaſſionate and bleſs:

V.

As Parents ev'ry needful Good
For their young Race provide,
So from *Jehovah*'s boundleſs Stores,
His Children are ſupply'd.

VI. The

VI.

The Bounties of his Providence,
The Wealth of Grace are theirs,
And they of Bliſs beyond the Grave
Are Heav'n's appointed Heirs.

XCIII. *A Return to* GOD *our Duty and Happineſs.*

HOSEA vi. 1. Long Metre.

I.

THROWN by our Sins afar from GOD,
And Wand'rers from the heav'nly Road,
Come, let us all agree to mourn
Our Guilt, and to our GOD return.

II.

"LORD, at the Footſtool of thy Throne
"We caſt ourſelves in Sorrow down,
"And for Acceptance plead the Grace,
"That ſhines ſo bright in *Jeſus'* Face:

III.

"Receiv'd into thine Arms of Love
"No more from Thee our Souls ſhall rove,
"Attach'd by Mercy's Pow'r divine
"To chooſe, to follow Duty's Line."

IV.

Thus to return our GOD invites,
To this our own beſt Good excites;
Union to him our Life and Reſt
Alone can make our Spirits bleſt.

XCIV. *The Divine Compaſſions to a guilty Land.*

HOSEA xi. 8. Long Metre.

I.

" *EPHRAIM!* Can I a Son of mine
" To Death's devouring Jaws conſign?
" Or can theſe Eyes my *Iſrael* ſee
" Plung'd in a Gulf of Miſery?

II.

" How ſhall I lay thy Cities round,
" Like *Admah* ſmoking on the Ground?
" Or how thy fruitful Country make
" Like *Zeboim*'s dead ſulphureous Lake?

III.

" I feel the riſing Pow'rs of Love,
" I feel a Father's Bowels move,
" I'll to my Tribes in Grace return;
" Together my Repentings burn.

IV.

" My thund'ring Terrors I'll reſtrain,
" Nor arm'd with Vengeance riſe again,
" Not Man's ſcant Meaſures ſhall confine
" My Love unbounded and divine."

V.

What *Iſrael* was is *Britain* now;
Like Pity to thy *Britain* ſhow,
Father of Mercies, and command
Salvation to thy ſinking Land.

VI.

Not Righteouſneſs in Word or Deed,
But thy free Love alone we plead,
O Thou, unwilling to deſtroy;
Grace is thy Darling and thy Joy.

XCV. *Backſlidings acknowledged, and Pardon pleaded.*

HOSEA xiv. 2. Long Metre.

I.

LORD, we have giv'n our Names to thee,
And ſeal'd our Vows in *Jeſus'* Blood,
But O! how often have our Feet
Stumbled, and turn'd aſide from GOD!

II

But O! forbid theſe ill Returns,
Which we have made to pardoning Grace,
Should always break our Peace within,
Or in thy Records find a Place:

III.

Receive us to thine Arms of Love,
Receive us to thy Shield of Pow'r,
And to th' immortal Joys above
Receive us in the dying Hour!

IV.

We melt with penitential Grief,
And fix our Truſt upon thy Son,
Command our troubled Souls to Peace,
And perfect what thy Grace begun!

XCVI. *The divine Benediction on penitent Sinners.*

HOSEA xiv. 5—8. Long Metre.

I.

HEAR what the GOD of Grace proclaims
To Penitents in Duſt abas'd,
They, like the ſoft deſcending Dews
On thirſty Wilds, my Love ſhall taſte:

II.

" Like tow'ring Lillies they ſhall riſe,
" Like mighty Cedars ſtrike their Roots,
" And like the Olive-Trees expand,
" Array'd with Beauty and with Fruits:

III.

" Not *Lebanon*'s delicious Wines,
" Whoſe Odours bleſs the Vales beneath,
" In Worth their Graces ſhall exceed,
" Or in a ſweeter Fragrance breathe:

IV.

" They too, who dwell beneath their Shade,
" Shall like the dying Corn revive,
" And, like the Vines on ſouthern Hills,
" In large Increaſe and Odours thrive:

V.

" Aſtoniſh'd at the bliſsful Change
" *Ephraim* with pious Zeal ſhall cry,
" My League with Idols I'll diſſolve,
" And caſt my Crimes and Follies by."

XCVII. *Saints reſembled to Vines.*

——" They ſhall grow as the Vine." HOSEA xiv. 7.

Short Metre.

I.

AS Vines into the Ground
Strike deep their Roots and thrive
So Saints embrace the Truths of GOD,
And thence their Life derive:

II. A

II.

As unaſſiſted Vines
Soon ſink upon the Plain,
So Chriſtians are a feeble Race,
Nor can themſelves ſuſtain:

III.

As round ſome ſtable Prop
The Vines their Branches twine,
Believers lean for their Support
On Pow'r and Grace divine.

IV.

To Sunſhine and to Show'r
The Vines their Vigour owe,
And, with celeſtial Influence bleſs'd,
The Chriſtian's Graces grow.

V.

As Vines delicious Fruit
In rich Abundance yield,
Alone in Uſefulneſs ſurpaſs'd
By Harveſts of the Field,

VI.

So the true Sons of GOD
In all good Works abound,
And nobler Holineſs alone
In Heav'n's pure Climes is found.

XCVIII. *Natural Evils the Puniſhments of* GOD.

AMOS iii. 6. Short Metre.

I.

THERE's not an Evil flies,
And pours its Woes abroad,
Through Country, Kingdom, City, Town,
But what is ſent by GOD.

II.

Should Plagues, ſhould Fevers ſhoot
Swift Poiſon through our Veins,
They take their Orders from the Skies,
With all their burning Pains.

III.

LORD, at thy Feet we bow,
And own thy righteous Rod,
And beg that ev'ry Stroke we feel
May bring us near to GOD!

IV.

Purge us from ev'ry Sin
As Gold is purg'd by Fire,
And wean'd by theſe ſad Scenes below
May we to Heav'n aſpire!

V.

O may thy Providence
Promote the Life divine,
And brighter through theſe Midnight-Shade
May all our Graces ſhine!

XCIX. *The Soul rejoicing in* GOD *in the midſt of Troubles.*

HABAKKUK iii. 17. Long Metre.

I.

ALthough the Fig-Tree ſhould not bud,
Nor Vines renew their purple Flood,
No Olives bleſs the Labourer's Toil,
The barren Burdens of the Soil:

II.

Although the deſolated Field
No Food for Man or Beaſt ſhould yield,
No Sheep be folded on the Plain,
By Thouſands and Ten Thouſands ſlain;

III.

Although the Murrain's mortal Pow'r
The Herds of Cattle ſhould devour,
And the full Stables where they fed
Be heap'd with the unnumber'd Dead;

IV.

Yet in *Jehovah* I'll rejoice,
In Hymns of Praiſe exalt my Voice;
His Truth, his Love, his Pow'r immenſe
My Heritage, my ſure Defence:

V.

Thus, when Winds rage, and Billows roll,
And Darkneſs reigns from Pole to Pole,
Ships in the Haven ſafely ride,
Not Mountains more ſecure abide.

C. *Sinners invited to* CHRIST *as the ſtrong Hold of Salvation.*

ZECHARIAH IX. 12. Common Metre.

I.

SEE the ſtrong Hold by Heav'n prepar'd
To ſhelter ev'ry Soul,
That thither flies, when Tempeſts beat,
And furious Billows roll.

II.

To this Aſylum, this Defence,
Priſoners of Hope repair:
Each Bleſſing that your Souls can crave
Waits your Arrival there.

III.

'Tis GOD invites, 'tis GOD who calls,
His gracious Will obey:
Now is th' accepted Time, now ſhines
Salvation's bliſsful Ray:

IV.

Seize the kind Moments, quit the Pit
Where you muſt pine and die,
And to this Covert from the Storm
On Faith's ſwift Pinion fly.

CI. *The Behaviour of the People of* God *amidſt general Depravity, and the gracious Acceptance and Rewards of their Piety.*

MALACHI iii. 16—18. Common Metre.

I.

IN thoſe degenerate, guilty Times,
When ſacred Love was cold,
And Sinners ſcoff'd at Truths divine,
And grew profanely bold,

II.

An uncorrupted choſen Few,
That fear'd *Jehovah*'s Name,
Spoke well of Heav'n, and with their Breath
Fann'd the celeſtial Flame:

III.

To them the LORD inclin'd his Ear,
Their ev'ry Whiſper heard,
And to Eternity conſign'd
Each holy Speech and Word.

IV.

"They ſhall be mine," *Jehovah* cries,
"Whoſe everlaſting Sway
"The Worlds on high, and Worlds below,
"Through all their Hoſts obey;

V.

"They ſhall be mine in that bleſt Hour
"When I each radiant Gem
"Collect, and with their mingled Blaze
"Compoſe my Diadem:

VI.

" When Rebels periſh at my Frown
" Eternally undone,
" I'll ſpare them as a Father ſpares
" His dear obedient Son:

VII.

" The Dreams of Folly all diſſolv'd,
" All ſhall my Juſtice learn,
" And between Pious and Profane
" Juſt and Unjuſt diſcern:

VIII.

" My Saints to Heav'n advanc'd ſhall dwell
" In Bliſs and Glory there,
" While Sinners ſink in endleſs Shame,
" And infinite Deſpair."

CII. CHRIST *the Sun of Righteouſneſs.*

MALACHI iv. 2. Long Metre.

I.

CHRIST is a Sun, he gives his Ray,
The Darkneſs flies, and all is Day:
CHRIST is a Sun, his quick'ning Fire
Does holy Warmth and Joy inſpire:

II.

CHRIST is a Sun, and to the Ends
Of Heav'n and Earth his Influence ſends;
CHRIST is a Sun, unquench'd, ſublime,
Triumphant o'er the Waſtes of Time:

III.

But CHRIST is not a Sun alone,
He by his Righteouſneſs is known:
His Laws in their whole Syſtem ſhine
With Grace and Sanctity divine:

IV.

The Sinner's Cauſe He undertakes,
And bleeds and ſuffers for their Sakes,
And by his Word and Spirit wins
Rebels to hate and fly their Sins:

V.

To *Jeſus* let our Praiſes riſe,
Who dwells enthron'd above the Skies,
And ſhow'rs unbounded Bleſſings down
In Light divine, and Joys unknown.

CIII. *The Beatitudes of our* LORD.

MATTHEW v. 3—10. Long Metre.

I.

BLESS'D are the Souls, whoſe humblin
Of their own Guilt and Indigence [Sen
Bows them in Shame, and Duſt, and Tears:
The heav'nly Happineſs is theirs.

II.

Bleſs'd are the Men, who mourn for Sin,
The Spots without, and Wounds within;
Around their Hearts with Rays divine
Celeſtial Peace and Joy ſhall ſhine.

III.

Bleſs'd are the Hearts where Meekneſs reign
And Pride, Revenge, and Rage reſtrains,
They ſhall in Peace the Earth poſſeſs,
And Heav'n ſhall bleſs them while they ble

IV.

Happy the Souls, who feel their Want,
Hunger, and thirſt, and pray, and pant
For Righteouſneſs: GOD who inſpires
Shall anſwer their divine Deſires.

V. Bleſ

V.

Bleſs'd are the Men, whoſe Bowels move
To Want and Woe in melting Love;
That Mercy they to others ſhow,
That Mercy they themſelves ſhall know.

VI.

Bleſs'd are the Spirits purg'd within
From the foul Stains of wilful Sin;
They ſhall behold in full Delight
Their Father's beatific Sight.

VII.

Happy the Saints, whoſe Element
Are Love, and Peace, and ſweet Content;
They ſhall be call'd the Sons of GOD,
They ſhall aſcend his bleſs'd Abode.

VIII.

Happy the Man, who Wrongs and Pain
For Truth' and Conſcience' Sakes ſuſtain,
Theirs is the Kingdom of the Skies,
Ordain'd to Thrones of Bliſs to riſe.

CIV. *The Character of the Meek, and the Bleſſings promiſed to them.*

MATTHEW v. 5. Long Metre.

I.

BLESS'D are the Men, who humbly wait,
Celeſtial Wiſdom, at thy Gate,
With Readineſs thy Truths believe,
With Readineſs thy Laws receive.

II.

Bleſs'd are the Men who, when their GOD
Corrects them with his pow'rful Rod,
Feel no Rebellion of the Mind,
But bow ſubmiſſive and reſign'd.

III.

Bleſs'd are the Men, who bear the Wrongs
Of hoſtile Rage, and ſland'rous Tongues
Unruffl'd, and malignant Spite
With Smiles and Kindneſſes requite.

IV.

Bleſs'd are the Men, whoſe peaceful Life
Shuns all Offence and Cauſe of Strife,
Beneficent, and mild to all,
And ſwift to fly at Miſery's Call.

V.

Bleſs'd are the Men, who Mean or Great,
In Poverty, or rich Eſtate,
As ſuits their different Lots behave,
Serenely paſſing to the Grave.

VI.

Bleſs'd are the Men, who in their Zeal
For GOD, and Man's immortal Weal,
Their ſacred Warmth with Wiſdom join,
And mildly plead for Truths divine.

VII.

With Peace and Pleaſure moſt ſincere
Theſe Saints enjoy their Portion here,
Till Angels at the Summons giv'n
Deſcend, and take their Souls to Heav'n.

CV. *Praying that the Name of* GOD *may be hallowed.*

MATTHEW vi. 9. Short Metre.

I.

NOW let the Name of GOD
Be hallow'd and ador'd:
Eternal, infinite, ſupreme,
Creator, Father, Lord.

II.

O may his Ways and Works
Of Providence and Grace
Be ſeen, confeſs'd, and magnify'd
By all the human Race!

III.

On him let Souls repoſe
Their chearful Confidence,
From ev'ry Peril, ev'ry Foe,
Their Succour and Defence:

IV.

To him let us reſign
All that we are and have;
Our Guide through Life, Support in Death,
And Bliſs beyond the Grave.

CVI. *The gracious Invitation of* CHRIST *to weary and heavy-laden Sinners.*

MATTHEW xi. 28—30. Short Metre.

I.

" YE weary, fainting Souls,
" With Sins and Woes oppreſs'd,
" Come, come to me, the Saviour cries,
" And I will give you Reſt:

II.

" There's not a Pang of Guilt,
" There's not a Chain of Luſt,
" But I'll remove, if on my Grace
" Your Souls ſecurely truſt:

III.

" Upon you take my Yoke,
" Your Duty learn from me,
" Into your Hearts and Lives tranſcribe
" The Graces ſeen in me.

IV.

" Lowly and meek am I,
" Lowly and meek be you,
" And Peace and Joy ſhall o'er your Souls
" Deſcend like Ev'ning-Dew.

V.

" My Yoke is Liberty,
" And all my Burden Love,
" The ſame that Saints and Seraphs wear
" In the bleſt Worlds above.

CVII. *Our* LORD's *Parable of the Wheat and Tares explained by himſelf.*

MATTHEW xiii. 37—43. Long Metre.

I.

" BY Pow'r divine, by Grace unknown,
" The Son of Man good Seed prepar'd,
" And from his Hand diffus'd the Grain
" To riſe his Glory and Reward.

II.

" The Field in which the Seed was ſown,
" Is the wide Boſom of the Earth,
" And there the Progeny divine
" Ordain'd for Heav'n receiv'd their Birth:

III.

" Children of Grace and Glory too
" Are by the precious Wheat deſign'd;
" Th' inſidious Tares are *Satan*'s Sons,
" And bear the Impreſs of his Mind:

IV.

" He, the Arch-Rebel to the Skies,
" Scatter'd the baneful Weeds abroad,
" The Harveſt is the End of Time,
" The Reapers Meſſengers of GOD:

V.

" As Tares from the good Grain are cull'd,
" And to the Flames in Bundles thrown,
" So ſhall it be when my ſtrong Arm
" Shall tear Creation's Pillars down.

VI.

" The Son of Man, in Glory thron'd,
" Shall to his Angels give the Nod,
" And ſwift the flame-wing'd Bands ſhall fly
" T' obey the Order of their GOD,

VII.

" To gather from his Church below
" All that offended, all that dar'd
" By bold preſumptuous Guilt tranſgreſs,
" And neither GOD nor Man regard:

VIII.

" Theſe they ſhall caſt, to feed its Fires,
" Into a Furnace flaming high,
" There to lament, there gnaſh their Teeth,
" And through immortal Ages lie:

IX.

" Meantime the Righteous, like the Sun
" Burſting through Clouds upon the Sight,
" Shall in their Father's Kingdom ſhine,
" That Heav'n of infinite Delight:

X.

" Nor Foes without, nor Foes within
" Shall Pain, or Fear, or Doubt create.
" He that hath Ears, O let him hear
" Theſe Truths, and ponder on their Weight!"

CVIII. CHRIST's *Promiſe of his Preſence to his People when aſſembled in his Name.*

MATTHEW xviii. 20. Long Metre.

I.

HAST Thou not promis'd, Gracious LORD,
And left thy Promiſe on Record,
That where but two or three ſhall meet,
And Bleſſing in thy Name entreat,

II.

Thou wilt vouchſafe thy Preſence there,
In Mercy wilt receive their Pray'r,
And ſhall not Crowds of Suppliants know
The Joys that from thy Preſence flow?

III.

Incline, enlarge our Hearts to pray,
And to thy Father's Ear convey
The fervent Plea, the humble Groan,
And give them welcome to the Throne;

IV.

That Throne, where Grace triumphant reigns
To hear our Cries, remove our Pains,
And for thy Sake, Incarnate Word,
Pardon, and Peace, and Joy afford;

V.

That Throne, to which our Fathers came,
And, pleading in thy pow'rful Name,
Found a ſure Refuge and Relief
In all their Fears, in all their Grief;

VI.

That Throne, which too we oft addreſs'd:
Trembling with Guilt, with Woes depreſs'd
We pray'd, and ſwift Salvation flew!
Thy former Mercies, LORD, renew!

CIX. *Our* LORD's *Tenderneſs to young Children*, or *the firſt and ſecond* Adam *compared.*

MATTHEW xix. 14. Common Metre.

I.

SEE from the Sin of *Adam* riſe
The dreadful Monſter Death,
To whoſe unbounded Pow'r are giv'n
All Creatures that have Breath:

II.

Among the reſt, ev'n Babes themſelves
In Pains and Groans expire,
Though they in Action never ſinn'd,
As ſinn'd their antient Sire:

III.

But ſee another *Adam* riſe,
Of heav'nly Life the Root,
And Children with their Parents taſte,
And banquet on the Fruit:

IV.

Let Infants come to me, he cry'd;
"They are Salvation's Heirs,
Theirs are the Bleſſings of my Grace,
"And endleſs Glory theirs."

CX. *The Duty and Reward of the faithful and wiſe Servant.*

MATTHEW XXIV. 45.

Suited to the ORDINATION *of a* MINISTER.

Long Metre.

I.

WHO is the Servant of the LORD
Faithful in Heart, and Deed, and Word
And wiſe to underſtand his Will,
And all his Maſter's Work fulfil?

II.

Who is the Steward, who preſides
Over the Houſe, inſpects, and guides,
And for the numerous Family
Spreads in due Seaſon their Supply?

III.

From him the Infant *Milk* receives,
Wine to the fainting Heart he gives,
Meat for the Strong his Love prepares,
And each his proper Portion ſhares.

IV.

He who, when his returning LORD
Deſcends to puniſh and reward,
Laborious, vigilant is found,
Shall be with his Applauſes crown'd.

V.

Work then, ye Miniſters of Heav'n,
While Health, and Strength, and Life are
giv'n;
Few are the Hours to Toils aſſign'd,
Immortal Glory ſhines behind.

CXI. *Readineſs for the Coming of the Bridegroom, and entering with him into the Marriage.*

MATTHEW XXV. 10. Long Metre.

I.

GREAT GOD, how oft thy Servants find
Thick Fogs oppreſs and chill the Mind!
And, Oh! how oft have earth-born Damps
Eclips'd the Luſtre of our Lamps!

II.

Reſtore us from our drowſy Frames,
And quicken our expiring Flames:
'Tis Thou, from whom our Life we drew,
That muſt its waſting Pow'rs renew:

III.

O let us be prepar'd to hear
The Cry, that ſoon ſhall ſtrike the Ear,
"The Bridegroom comes with haſty Feet,
"Go forth, and his Approaches meet."

IV.

Then ſhall our joyful Souls attend
The Coming of our heav'nly Friend,
And, in our Wedding-Garments dreſs'd,
Be welcom'd to the Marriage-Feaſt.

CXII. *Our* LORD's *firſt pardoning, and next healing the Paralytic.*

MARK ii. 1—13. Common Metre.

I.

BEHOLD a Man before our LORD
Preſented on a Couch,
Expecting for his palſied Limbs
The Saviour's healing Touch:

II.

Jeſus beheld his Faith, and more
Beheld his anguiſh'd Heart,
And firſt reſolves of inward Guilt
T' extract the throbbing Dart.

III.

" Son, for I give thee that dear Name,
" Thy Sins are all forgiv'n;
" Conſole thine Heart, for thou art made
" An honour'd Heir of Heav'n."

IV.

Thro' all his Soul the Pleaſure thrill'd,
His Fears were huſh'd to Reſt,
When thus a ſecond Time our LORD
His tender Love expreſs'd.

V.

" Ariſe, take up thy Bed, and walk,
" Thou art to Strength reſtor'd:
" Bleſſings for Body and for Soul
" Attend my ſov'reign Word."

VI.

The Man aroſe, young Vigour ſtrung,
And quick'ned all his Frame,
And Songs of Wonder, Love, and Joy,
" Crown the Redeemer's Name.

VII.

The like Salvation, Gracious LORD,
May we receive from Thee,
Bid all our Clouds of Guilt remove,
And all our Terrors flee:

VIII.

And, though this Fleſh muſt be diſſolv'd,
Be moulder'd in the Tomb,
Yet call it thence, improv'd, refin'd,
Deck'd with celeſtial Bloom.

CXIII. *Salvation by* CHRIST, *and the holy Improvement of it.*

LUKE i. 74. Common Metre.

I.

THOU, LORD, in thy ſurprizing Grace
Haſt rais'd an Horn of Pow'r
To break our Foes' tremendous Strength,
And heav'nly Bleſſings ſhow'r.

II.

Satan, and Sin, and Death, and Hell
Deliver up their Prey,
And, vanquiſh'd by ſuperior Strength,
Confeſs *Immanuel*'s Sway.

III.

Releas'd from ev'ry gloomy Fear,
And fill'd with grateful Praiſe,
Our Souls ſhall ſerve and bleſs our GOD
Through all our future Days.

IV.

Now to the Heav'ns let Faith and Hope,
And Love and Joy aſcend,
And the fair Fruits of Righteouſneſs
Through the wide World extend.

V.

Thus, LORD, we purpoſe to employ
The Days which Thou ſhalt give:
Confirm our Purpoſe with thy Grace:
O teach us thus to live!

CXIV. CHRIST *the Bread of Life*, or *the Reſemblance between natural and ſpiritual Bread.*

JOHN vi. 35. Common Metre.

I.

AS Bread recruits our waſting Frames,
And well ſupports our Hearts,
So *Chriſt* to our expiring Souls
Celeſtial Life imparts.

II.

Corn is the Food of all Mankind,
Where'er their Lot is caſt,
Jeſus alike of *Jews* and *Greeks*
Is the divine Repaſt.

III.

Though Bread is eaten ev'ry Day,
'Tis never known to cloy;
Immanuel's Merits are the Springs
Of inexhauſted Joy.

IV.

The Grain endures the cruſhing Mill,
Endure's the Oven's Heat,
Ere it a fit Proviſion yields
For human Kind to eat;

V.

Thus *Chriſt* through Suff'rings moſt ſevere,
Through Flames of Vengeance paſt
That Souls might be redeem'd from Death,
And his Salvation taſte.

VI.

By Eating as our Fleſh receives
From Grain th' expected Good,
So Souls by Faith on *Jeſus* live,
And bleſs the heav'nly Food.

VII.

Without a longing Appetite
The fineſt Wheat is vain,
And Sinners, who no Hunger feel,
The Bread of Life diſdain.

VIII.

As Means muſt ever be employ'd
T' obtain the Food we need,
So for Supplies of heav'nly Grace
We ſupplicate and plead.

IX.

We from our Meals with Strength renew'd,
To Toils, to Travels riſe,
And Faith in our *Immanuel* ſpeeds
Our Progreſs to the Skies.

CXV. CHRIST *the heavenly Manna.*

JOHN vi. 58. Common Metre.

I.

AS Heav'n unlock'd its ſecret Stores,
And rain'd Proviſions down,
So *Jeſus* to redeem and bleſs
Forſook his Father's Throne.

II.

To nouriſh *Iſrael*'s hungry Tribes,
Manna was ſhow'r'd from Heav'n,
And from worſe Want to ſave our Souls
The Son of GOD was giv'n.

III. How

III.

How pleaſant the celeſtial Corn *
To ev'ry diff'rent Taſte?
But *Jeſus* to our Faith affords
A more divine Repaſt.

IV.

On *Iſrael* in the ſandy Waſte
Angelic Food was ſhed,
But in the Wilderneſs of Life
We feed on nobler Bread.

V.

Till *Jacob*'s Sons to *Canaan* came
The daily Dole was giv'n,
And *Chriſt* will grant us freſh Supplies
Till we arrive at Heav'n.

VI.

There ſhall we at his Marriage-Feaſt
As honour'd Gueſts ſit down:
What Fruits of Life, what Draughts of Bliſs,
Shall the rich Banquet crown?

CXVI. *Reſolving to cleave to* CHRIST.

JOHN vi. 66—68. Long Metre.

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

I.

WHEN falſe Diſciples bid Farewel
To CHRIST, and took the Road to Hell,
"And will my Twelve, as others do,
"Inquir'd our LORD, forſake me too?"

* So called *Pſalm* lxxviii. 24.

II.

Peter, for Love inflam'd his Breaſt,
Reply'd, as Speaker for the Reſt,
"Why ſhould our Souls from Thee decline,
"Words of eternal Life are thine?"

III.

Had we been there with Heart and Voice
We had repeated *Peter*'s Choice:
"Why ſhould our Souls from Thee decline,
"Words of eternal Life are thine?

IV.

CHRIST is our Rock, while here we ſtay
Strangers in humble Tents of Clay,
Perpetual Streams of Comfort flow
From him, and bleſs the Path we go.

V.

CHRIST is the Manna from above,
The Gift and Pledge of endleſs Love:
And at thy Table, LORD, we taſte
And banquet on the rich Repaſt:

VI.

But O what Joys ſhall be poſſeſs'd,
When from theſe Bonds of Fleſh releas'd,
We ſhall aſcend the heav'nly Road,
And dwell for ever with our GOD?

CXVII. *Work while it is Day.*

JOHN ix. 4. Long Metre.

I.

WE have not ſprung from Fate or Chance,
Or Atoms in diſorder'd Dance:
To the firſt Cauſe we ow'd our Birth,
Who form'd and ſent us down to Earth.

II. And

II.

And wherefore ſent? Not to employ
Our Years in Chaſe of empty Joy,
But learn and love our Father's Will,
And all his high Commands fulfil,

III.

To flee from Vengeance' dire Alarms
To *Jeſus'* Soul-ſecuring Arms,
To bow before th' Almighty's Seat,
And his forgiving Grace entreat;

IV.

To ſerve him with our utmoſt Pow'rs,
And fill our ſwift-revolving Hours
With holy Honours to his Name,
And his unbounded Love proclaim.

V.

This while 'tis Day; ere Health and Life
With Pain and Death begin the Strife,
And the broad Shades of Night come on,
When no more Duty can be done.

VI.

LORD, from the Duſt our Spirits raiſe,
Quicken our Feet to run thy Ways,
Nor let one Moment of our Day
In ſinful Sloth be thrown away!

CXVIII. CHRIST *the Reſurrection and the Life.*

JOHN xi. 25, 26. Common Metre.

I.

IN what tranſporting heav'nly Strains
Did *Chriſt* his Grace impart?
What Muſic to the mournful Mind!
What Cordials to the Heart!

II.

" The Reſurrection and the Life
" I am, and I alone;
" And burſting Tombs, and quick'ned Duſt
" Shall my Dominion own.

III.

" He who believes upon my Name,
" Though once ingulſt in Death,
" Shall into Life immortal riſe
" By my Almighty Breath:

IV.

" He who believes upon my Name,
" In his ſuperior Part
" To me united ſhall defy
" The Tyrant's killing Dart."

V.

Do we with Faith and Hope and Joy
These glorious Truths embrace,
That ſpread divine unbounded Bliſs
Through *Adam*'s ruin'd Race?

CXIX. *Souls attracted by a crucified Saviour.*

JOHN xii. 32. Short Metre.

I.

BEHOLD the Son of GOD
Suſpended on the Croſs!
We owe our Glories to his Shame,
Our Riches to his Loſs:

II.

What though He there appears
Forſaken and forlorn,
Wreſtling with Agonies and Blood
Midſt Hate, and Rage, and Scorn,

III. Yet

III.

Yet as He bears our Sins,
And all their Guilt removes
The Soul, that views its Suffering LORD,
Admires, adores, and loves?

IV.

Hence to *Immanuel*'s Croſs
Shall our whole Race repair,
Hither our Faith in Tranſport flies,
And ſeeks Salvation there.

V.

His Peace-procuring Blood
Has all our Crimes forgiv'n,
Juſtice is pleas'd, and ſmiling Love
Unbars the Gates of Heav'n.

CXX. On the ſame.

Short Metre.

I.

BEHOLD the Prince of Life
Nail'd to th' uplifted Wood,
His Temples twin'd with rugged Thorns,
His Body bath'd in Blood!

II.

But from this dreadful Scene
What Joys and Glories riſe?
For by this Croſs ſhall Sinners live,
By this aſcend the Skies:

III.

This Croſs a Magnet proves,
That ſhall attract Mankind;
Here GOD appears ſupremely juſt,
And here ſupremely kind.

IV. When

IV.

When Sceptres, Crowns, and Thrones
Melt in th' unbounded Flame,
Heav'n ſhall the Wonders of the Croſs
In endleſs Praiſe proclaim.

CXXI. *Faith in* GOD *and* CHRIST *the Preſervative from overwhelming Sorrows.*

JOHN xiv. 1. Long Metre.

I.

"SHOULD Troubles all around you riſe,"
The Saviour to his Followers cries,
"Should Tempeſts beat, ſhould Billows roll,
"And Thunders roll from Pole to Pole,"

II.

"Let not your Spirits be depreſs'd,
"Thrown from the Centre of your Reſt,
"But ſmile undaunted and ſerene,
"Superior to the angry Scene:

III.

"*Believe in* GOD, whoſe holy Will
"Diſtributes Good, diſtributes Ill,
"And all his Saints by both ſhall prove
"His Wiſdom, Faithfulneſs, and Love:

IV.

"*Believe in me*, when I depart
"I'll bear your Intereſt on my Heart,
"I'll plead your Cauſe before the Throne,
"And ſend my gracious Spirit down."

CXXII. *Peace given by* CHRIST *to his People.*

JOHN xiv. 27. Common Metre.

I.

" MY dear Diſciples, *Jeſus* cries,
" My Peace with you I leave,
" Far, far beyond what Earth affords,
" Is that Repoſe I give;

II.

" The World can only guard your Wealth
" Or Lives from armed Foes,
" But Pardons from th' offended Skies,
" My gracious Hand beſtows:

III.

" Worldly Enjoyments to the Fleſh
" Their poor Delights impart,
" But I compoſe the toſſing Soul,
" And heal the broken Heart:

IV.

" Fleeting and falſe are human Joys,
" And ſoon the Vapours die;
" The richer Pleaſures I confer,
" The Pow'r of Change defy.

V.

" The Streams of Bliſs terreſtrial fail,
" When Life's few Days are paſt,
" But ſtedfaſt as th' eternal Skies
" Shall my Salvation laſt."

VI.

Command thy Peace, All-gracious LORD,
And ſet our Souls at Reſt,
In the bright Viſions of thy Love
Here and for ever bleſs'd.

CXXIII. CHRIST *the true Vine.*

JOHN XV. 1. Long Metre.

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

I.

PLANTED by his great Father's Hand,
See like a Vine the Saviour ſtand;
The Leaves are Life, and Sinners taſte
The Wine, and bleſs the rich Repaſt:

II.

No Thorn amidſt the Cluſters grows,
No Serpent twines among the Boughs;
'Tis Angels Food, 'tis Bliſs divine,
And, Wond'rous Grace! O Man, 'tis thine.

III.

O may our Souls, refin'd from Sin,
To this bleſt Vine be grafted in,
Partake its Fatneſs, and its Root,
And flouriſh with immortal Fruit.

IV.

Great GOD, let no rude Shock deſtroy
Our Life, or blaſt the heav'nly Joy,
Strengthen the Bands, and let them prove
The Bands of everlaſting Love!

CXXIV. *Saints to glorify* GOD *as Branches in* CHRIST.

JOHN XV. 8. Long Metre.

I.

"I Am the Vine our LORD declares,
" And you the Branches that I bear:
" My Father is the Huſbandman,
" And both are his Delight and Care.

II.

" Would you your Father glorify,
" And be accepted in his Sight,
" Not with vain Leaf and barren Shade
" But plenteous Fruits his Love requite.

III.

" Then ſhall ye be approv'd and bleſs'd,
" The true Diſciples of your LORD,
" When all you do, and all you ſay,
" Shall with my holy Word accord.

IV.

" All my Deſign in Life and Death,
" Is your Admiſſion into Heav'n;
" Your Spirits by my Grace renew'd,
" And by my Blood your Guilt forgiv'n."

CXXV. *Saints the Friends of* CHRIST.

JOHN xv. 15. Common Metre.

I.

YE are my Friends, the Saviour cries;
To you I have made known
My Father's Will, and all his Grace,
And all his Counſels ſhown.

II.

Ye are my Friends, the Saviour cries;
With you I love to meet,
And with my Influence on your Hearts
Make the Communion ſweet.

III.

Ye are my Friends, the Saviour cries;
Though all your Faults I know,
Yet, ſuch my Love, I o'er them all
The Veil of Pardon throw.

IV. *Y*

IV.

Ye are my Friends, the Saviour cries;
For you my Life I give,
You from my Wounds ſhall Health derive,
And by my Death ſhall live.

V.

To own, to bleſs us as his Friends,
Will *Jeſus* not diſdain?
Then high as Heav'n proclaim his Praiſe
In an immortal Strain.

CXXVI. CHRIST's *Prayer for his People.*

JOHN xvii. 24. Long Metre.

I.

IN his laſt Hours, before in Death
Jeſus ſurrender'd up his Breath,
To Heav'n he lifted up his Eyes,
And pour'd his ſupplicating Cries.

II.

"O righteous Father, 'tis my Will,
"My Suit accept, my Suit fulfil,
"That all the Souls, whom Thou haſt giv'n
"To me, with me inherit Heav'n:

III.

"There with ineffable Delight,
"No Cloud to intercept their Sight,
"To ſee my Glories all divine,
"And in my radiant Image ſhine."

IV.

And did our gracious LORD requeſt
His Saints might thus with him be bleſs'd?
Then ev'ry Saint like him ſhall riſe,
And take his Manſion in the Skies.

CXXVII. *The true Proſperity of Chriſtian Churches repreſented.*

Acts ix. 31. Short Metre.

I.

THrough all the holy Land,
The Churches of the Lord
An unmoleſted Peace enjoy'd,
Nor fear'd the murd'ring Sword:

II.

Built on the Chriſtian Faith,
That well ſuſtain'd their Weight,
Bright and more bright the Temples ſhone,
And roſe from Height to Height:

III.

The Saints in thoſe bright Days
Walk'd in the Fear of Heav'n,
The Spirit ſhed abroad his Love,
And ſhow'd their Sins forgiv'n:

IV.

The Waſtes which Death had made
Converts in Crowds ſupply'd;
Their Joy, their Confidence, their Boaſt
A Saviour crucify'd.

V.

So may the Churches now
Be crown'd with Bliſs divine,
Where God his holy Image ſees,
And all his Glories ſhine!

CXXVIII. *The beneficent Life of* CHRIST, *and Chriſtians called to imitate it.*

ACTS x. 38. Long Metre.

I.

WHEN *Jeſus* dwelt in mortal Clay,
What were his Works from Day to Day
But Miracles of Pow'r and Grace,
That ſpread Salvation through our Race?

II.

At his Command, from rayleſs Night
Redeem'd, the *Blind* receive their Sight;
The *Deaf* in Raptures hear his Voice;
The *Dumb* in Songs of Praiſe rejoice;

III.

The *Maim'd*, whoſe Limbs were lopt away,
Amaz'd their perfect Forms ſurvey,
The *Lame* no longer need the Crutch
Bleſt by his Strength-inſpiring Touch;

IV.

A Word of his Almighty Breath
Sounds through the dark Domains of Death,
The Priſoners, ſtarting with Surprize,
In inſtantaneous Vigour riſe;

V.

The Truths of GOD the *Poor* receive,
And by their heav'nly Influence live;
Pardon and Peace by Him are giv'n,
Rebels become the Heirs of Heav'n.

VI.

Thus did our LORD from Hour to Hour
Erect new Trophies to his Pow'r,
And by theſe great Salvations prove
The boundleſs Riches of his Love.

VII.

Teach us, O LORD, to keep in View
Thy Pattern, and thy Steps purſue!
Let Alms beſtow'd, let Kindneſs done
Be witneſs'd by each rolling Sun!

VIII.

That Man may *laſt* but never *lives*,
Who much receives, but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's Blot, Creation's Blank:

IX.

But He, who marks from Day to Day
In gen'rous Acts his radiant Way,
Treads the ſame Path his Saviour trod,
The Path to Glory, and to GOD.

CXXIX. *The Teſtimony of Nature to the Power, Wiſdom, and Goodneſs of its Author.*

ACTS xiv. 17. Short Metre.

I.

THrough all the Nations round,
Who never read one Line
Of evangelic Truth and Grace,
Nor knew their bleſt Deſign,

II.

The Maker ſhines confeſs'd
In Wiſdom, Pow'r, and Love;
Each Year the Works his Hands perform
His high Perfections prove:

III.

He forms and pours the Rain
In ſoft-diſtilling Drops,
And from the Boſom of the Ground
Calls forth the golden Crops.

IV.

Thus to our countleſs Race
Its Bleſſings Heav'n imparts
Repleniſhing with Food and Joy
Our too unthankful Hearts.

V.

Our Springs are all in Thee,
From whom our Lives we drew,
Then teach us, LORD, of Love and Praiſe
To pay the Tribute due.

CXXX. *Juſtification before* GOD.

ROMANS iii. 24. Common Metre.

I.

HE who is juſtify'd is freed
From ev'ry guilty Charge;
The Law proclaims him innocent,
And bids him walk at large:

II.

But none are juſtify'd with GOD
By Works their Hands have wrought:
The Law condemns, and binds its Curſe
On ev'ry ſinful Thought:

III.

But there's a Righteouſneſs prepar'd
To cancel all our Guilt.
See the rich Ranſom for our Souls
The Blood *Immanuel* ſpilt!

IV.

Recipients of this Righteouſneſs,
Alone by Faith convey'd,
Stern *Juſtice* ceaſes her Demand,
For all our Debts are paid.

V.

Bleſs'd be the LORD, who ſent his Son
To ſave our ruin'd Race,
And the ſharp Suff'rings He endur'd
Accepted in our Place!

VI.

Bleſs'd be the Son, who left the Skies,
And enter'd human Clay,
By one all-perfect Sacrifice
To purge our Crimes away!

CXXXI. *Dedication of ourſelves to* GOD.

ROMANS xii. 1. Common Metre.

I.

HEAR how th' Apoſtle of the LORD
The Church at *Rome* addreſs'd,
The holy Unction of his GOD
Poſſeſſing all his Breaſt:

II.

" My Brethren, in the double Bonds
" Of Nature and of Grace,
" The warm Petitions of my Soul
" With all your Souls embrace:

III.

" I aſk as on my bending Knees
" By the rich Love of Heav'n,
" Love, that has reſcu'd you from Hell,
" And all your Guilt forgiv'n,

IV.

" That to the Altar of your GOD,
" Your gracious GOD and King,
" You would, as Heav'n's anointed Prieſts
" As holy Off'rings bring

V. " You

V.

" Your Bodies living, undefil'd,
" More grateful to the LORD
" Than all the Blood of Birds and Beaſts
" By *Aaron*'s Prieſthood pour'd.

VI.

" This is the Service Grace demands,
" Your Reaſon dictates this;
" To yield ourſelves to GOD, alike
" Our Duty and our Bliſs.

VII.

" Let Head, and Heart, and Tongue, and Hands,
" And Feet with Joy fulfil
" The wide Extent of his Commands,
" And honour all his Will!"

CXXXII. *Exhortations to ſpiritual Activity and Vigilance.*

ROMANS xiii. 11—14. Common Metre.

An HYMN for the NEW YEAR.

I.

ANOTHER Year, with all its Hours,
Has roll'd itſelf away,
Hear it in Death, and burſt the Bonds
Of Sleep without Delay:

II.

Much nearer is Salvation come,
Nearer the promis'd Skies,
Than when we ſtarted from the Goal
To reach th' immortal Prize.

III.

The Night's dull Hours are almoſt ſpent,
Now dawns the Morn divine,
Then, caſting Night's dark Deeds away,
In heav'nly Armour ſhine:

IV.

Graceful and glorious be your Courſe,
Worthy the Sons of Light,
Thus ſhall your Works divinely wrought
Appear divinely bright.

V.

From Gluttony, from Fumes of Wine,
From Lewdneſs' ſenſual Train,
From cruel Envy, raging Strife,
Thoſe Fires of Hell abſtain:

VI.

Be all array'd with ev'ry Grace,
And Virtue heav'nly fair
The Son of God from Day to Day
Did in full Glory wear:

VII.

Thus ſhall you be of Senſe no more
The ignominious Slaves,
Nor waſte your Study, Ardor, Strength
To furniſh what it craves.

CXXXIII. *Chriſtians living and dying to* God.

ROMANS xiv. 8. Long Metre.

I.

LORD, to thy Glory we would live
In ev'ry Bleſſing we receive,
In ev'ry Labour we perform,
In ev'ry rough afflicting Storm:

II.

When at thy Temple we appear,
We mean to tune thy Honours there;
Relations, Characters ſhall prove
That Thee alone we own and love:

III.

Thus we are thine, while we have Breath,
And when we tread the Vale of Death,
Thy ſov'reign Pleaſure we'll obey,
And with thy Praiſe delight the Way:

IV.

Our Souls to Thee we will entruſt,
To Thee commit our lifeleſs Duſt,
Then ſtretch from Earth our joyful Flight
T'enjoy thy beatific Sight.

V.

Or if we live, or if we die,
"We are the LORD's," our Spirits cry,
"Servants devoted to our GOD,
"Preſent or abſent from this Clod."

CXXXIV. *Salvation for the chief of Sinners on their Repentance and Faith.*

1 COR. vi. 9, 10, 11. Long Metre.

I.

BE not with empty Dreams deceiv'd,
Be this eternal Truth believ'd,
Souls held within the Chains of Luſt,
The Cruel, Impious, and Unjuſt,

II.

Spirits, in ſenſual Pleaſures loſt,
Worldings, who make their Gold their Boaſt,
No Heav'n's pure Joys ſhall never come
By an inexorable Doom:

III.

But Theſe, ev'n Theſe may be forgiv'n,
Theſe may become the Heirs of Heav'n,
If o'er their crimſon Crimes they mourn,
And humbly to their GOD return.

IV.

Such were the Sinners *Corinth* knew,
Till Mercy form'd their Hearts anew,
Born from above, and waſh'd from Sin,
The Spots without, and Plagues within:

V.

Nor waſh'd alone, but juſtify'd
For the dear Sake of CHRIST who dy'd.
Sinner, this Grace with Tranſport view,
The Grace ſtill reigns, and reigns for You.

VI.

True Penitents are ſure to find
A GOD that's infinitely kind:
He never did, nor will deſpiſe
A broken Heart for Sacrifice.

VII.

As Hills of Snow diſſolve and run
Beneath the Blazes of the Sun,
So Guilt, that ſwells into the Skies,
Vanquiſh'd by Mercy, drops and dies.

CXXXV. *The Promiſes of* GOD *in the Goſpel Incentives to Obedience.*

1 COR. vii. 1. Common Metre.

I.

AS GOD, in his unbounded Grace,
Such Promiſes has giv'n
To make the Victims of his Wrath
The Sons and Heirs of Heav'n,

II.

Alike from all th' Impurities
Of Body and of Mind,
Our God's Abhorrence, our Diſgrace,
Be ev'ry Saint refin'd!

III.

Let pure Obedience round our Lives
In growing Beauties ſhine,
Effulgence of the Grace within
Immortal and divine.

IV.

If *Precepts* charge, if *Threat'nings* awe,
Let *Promiſes* invite
Our Souls to run the heav'nly Road
With ever-freſh Delight.

CXXXVI. CHRIST *an Example, and Chriſtians required to imitate it.*

1 COR. xi. 1. Long Metre.

I.

HOW bright was the Example ſet
Of ev'ry Virtue, ev'ry Grace,
While *Jeſus* wore our mortal Fleſh,
And ſojourn'd with the human Race?

II.

Humility its modeſt Veil
Over his Blaze of Glories threw,
And Eaſe, and Pomp, and Pow'r, and Praiſe
Were Trifles all beneath his View:

III.

Meekneſs was thron'd upon his Brow,
Meekneſs in ev'ry Feature ſmil'd;
In what he ſpoke, in what he did
Divinely ſweet, divinely mild:

IV.

But, when the Honours of his God
Call'd him t' expoſe and cenſure Sin,
He rent away the falſe Diſguiſe,
And ſhow'd the latent Plague within:

V.

His Sermons, his Converſes prov'd
His holy Birth, his high Deſcent,
And Heav'n and Holineſs He breath'd
Where'er he ſtay'd, where'er he went.

VI.

Such *Meekneſs*, ſuch *Humility*,
Such *dauntleſs Fortitude* be ours,
And let the Heav'n to which we go,
Attach and conſecrate our Pow'rs!

CXXXVII. On the ſame Paſſage.

Common Metre.

I.

HOW *patient* was the Lamb of God
Amidſt his ſharpeſt Pains!
Though Earth and Hell let looſe their Rage
He never once complains:

II.

Compaſſion touch'd his tender Heart:
No Object of Diſtreſs
Beſought him for his kind Relief
But found a quick Redreſs:

III.

From the full Fountain of his Love
What gen'rous Pity flow'd?
And to redeem a World from Hell,
How freely ſtream'd his Blood?

IV. I

IV.

Intimate Converſe with his GOD
He held from Day to Day,
And lonely Rocks, and Night's long Hours
Of Darkneſs heard him pray.

V.

O may theſe Graces all divine,
In all our Souls be found!
Amidſt our Pains let Patience ſmile,
And ſoften ev'ry Wound!

VI.

Let Mercy reach to Wants and Woes
Its Succours and Supplies,
While Faith, and Hope, and Love maintain
Communion with the Skies!

CXXXVIII. *Showing our* LORD's *Death till he come at his Table.*

1 COR. xi. 26. Long Metre.

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

I.

OBEDIENT to the Word divine
In holy Harmony we join,
And at the Table of our LORD,
The Wonders of his Love record.

II.

We eat the ſacramental Bread,
And by the Saviour's Fleſh are fed;
The ſacramental Cup we taſte,
To dying Souls a rich Repaſt.

III. To

III.

To Men, to Angels thus we ſhow
For *Jeſus'* Death what Thanks we owe,
Till from the Heav'n our LORD ſhall come
To bring his Church, his Children Home.

IV.

But O how high our Joys ſhall riſe,
When, in thy promis'd Paradiſe,
Thy Feaſt, *Immanuel*, we ſhall join,
And in thy perfect Likeneſs ſhine!

CXXXIX. *The Nature and Excellency of Charity*, or *of Love to* GOD *and our Neighbour.*

1 COR. xiii. 1—8. Common Metre.

I.

COULD I my Fellow-Men addreſs
In all their various Tongues,
Or in the lofty Strains of Praiſe
Vie with th' angelic Songs,

II.

If deſtitute of *Love to* GOD
And Man my Soul were found,
What am I but a Trump of Braſs,
Or Cymbal's tinkling Sound?

III.

Could I Futurity diſcloſe,
Celeſtial Myſteries ſcan,
Or in my Graſp of Knowledge ſtretch
Beyond the Line of Man,

IV. O

IV.

Or could my Faith at Pleaſure roll
The Mountain to the Deep,
Yet without *Love*, with all theſe Pow'rs
No Profit I ſhould reap:

V.

Or ſhould I all my Goods beſtow,
The Wretched to relieve,
Or to acquire the Martyr's Name,
To Flames my Body give,

VI.

Yet, without *Charity divine*,
Vain would the Oblation prove,
And vain the burning Death, that knows
No Value but from Love.

VII.

Love ſuffers long, and *Love* is kind,
Nor Hate, nor Envy knows,
Into raſh Rage ſhe never breaks,
And no Vain-glory ſhows:

VIII.

Love with no Inſolence appears,
Nor only ſeeks her own:
Imbitter'd Words, and Thoughts of Ill,
To *Love* are all unknown.

IX.

Iniquity's o'erſpreading Reign
Draws Sorrows from her Eyes,
But, when true Piety prevails,
Her Joys to Raptures riſe.

X.

She all Things bears, ſhe all Things hopes,
And all Things ſhe believes,
And rude Indignity and Wrongs
Contentedly receives.

XI.

Prophecy, Gifts, and Tongues ſhall fail,
And Faith and Hope expire,
While *Love* through endleſs Ages feeds
Her unconſuming Fire.

CXL. *The Superiority of our Knowledge in Heaven above our higheſt Attainments on Earth.*

1 Cor. xiii. 12. Short Metre.

I.

WE through a Medium look,
As when along the Glaſs
We ſee the Image of a Friend
In dim Reflection paſs.

II.

Objects and Truths divine
We wiſh to ſhine reveal'd
In their full Light, and obvious Senſe,
Like Riddles, are conceal'd:

III.

But when we reach the Skies,
We ſhall no longer trace
Our God at Diſtance, or through Veils,
But view him Face to Face.

IV.

Here we diſcern in Part,
Our Eyes with Films o'ergrown,
But there, all Cloud, all Miſt diſpers'd,
Shall know as we are known.

V.

O when ſhall we arrive
That dear delightful State,
Where Light ſhall all around us ſhine,
And endleſs Bliſs create!

CXLI. *Faith, Hope, and Love deſcribed, and the Pre-eminency of the laſt.*

1 Cor. xiii. 13. Common Metre.

I.

THE Words and Promiſes divine
Faith cordially receives,
And thus celeſtial Food ſupplies,
On which the Chriſtian lives.

II.

Hope entertains the Pilgrim-Soul
With heav'nly Joys to come,
And cheers her in theſe barren Waſtes
Till ſhe has reach'd her Home.

III.

Love mounts upon a Wing of Fire
To God its Life and All,
Enjoys him as its ſov'reign Good,
And flies t' obey his Call.

IV.

Amidſt the bright celeſtial Train,
Love ſhines ſupremely fair,
Without whoſe Virtue *Faith* and *Hope*
Are empty as the Air.

V.

On *Love* both *Faith* and *Hope* attend,
And fan her ſacred Fire,
The more ſhe looks for, more believes,
Her Flames aſcend the high'r.

VI.

Faith into Viſion ſhall reſign,
And *Hope* in Heav'n ſhall end,
But *Love* through all Eternity
Her Triumphs ſhall extend.

CXLII. *Preſent Afflictions and future Glory compared.*

2 Cor. iv. 17. Short Metre.

I.

SERVANTS and Sons of God,
In Scales impartial try
Th' Afflictions which you now endure,
Againſt the Joys on high.

II.

How light your Troubles are!
How tranſient is their Pain!
Scarce in the Balance they are found
An Atom, or a Grain.

III.

The Glory of the Sky
Is infinitely great;
No Time can its Duration count,
No Words deſcribe its Weight.

IV.

Be patient then, ye Saints,
Amidſt your preſent Grief;
Salvation, like the riſing Morn,
Shall bring you ſwift Relief.

V.

The heavieſt Sufferings here
Cannot be once compar'd
With Heav'n's unutterable Bliſs,
Your ſure, immenſe Reward.

CXLIII. *The Love of* CHRIST.

2 COR. v. 14 and 15. Short Metre.

I.

WE ſing the Saviour's Love
That pitied wretched Man,
Delighting in the Thoughts of Peace
Ere Time and Worlds began:

II.

We ſee its ſmiling Ray
Out-ſhining at his Birth,
And trace its Luſtres Day by Day,
While He ſojourn'd on Earth:

III.

But in his cloſing Hour
How infinite his Grace,
When, bow'd beneath the Curſe, He died
To ſave our ruin'd Race!

IV.

Triumphant from the Tomb
What Beams of Mercy ſhine!
His Reſurrection, dying Saint,
Is the ſure Pledge of thine:

V.

And now He prays and pleads
By all his Scars of Love
That the dear Sheep, for whom He died,
May reach the Realms above.

VI.

There all arriv'd at laſt,
What Grace ſhall they enjoy
In Pleaſures, which no Age can waſte,
Nor Foes nor Fears annoy!

CXLIV. *The Apoſtle's Prayer for Chriſtians, that they might be enabled to comprehend the Love of* CHRIST.

EPHESIANS iii. 14—19. Common Metre.

I.

" BEFORE the Father of our LORD,"
The great Apoſtle cries,
" Whence the whole Family is nam'd,
" Both in the Earth and Skies,

II.

" I bow my Knees with all the Zeal,
" Which Love divine inſpires,
" And at the Footſtool of his Throne
" Breathe my intenſe Deſires,

III.

" That He, in his unbounded Wealth
" Of Glory, would impart
" His Spirit's mightieſt Energy,
" And ſtrengthen ev'ry Heart

IV.

" With all his Saints to comprehend
" In an enlarg'd Embrace,
" The Breadths, and Lengths, and Depths, and Heights
" Of the Redeemer's Grace:

V.

" That ye may know that Love, which knows
" No Bottom and no Bound,
" With all the Fulneſs of your GOD
" Immeaſurably crown'd."

On the ſame Paſſage.

CXLV. *Trying to comprehend the Love of* CHRIST.

EPHESIANS iii. 14—19. Long Metre.

I.

NOW let our grateful Souls ſurvey
Of *Jeſus'* Love th' unbounded Reign,
Extend, enlarge their total Pow'rs
Its vaſt Dimenſions to contain.

II.

O what a *Breadth*, that covers o'er
With its broad Veil our Guilt ſo great?
What *Length*, that ſends its Bleſſings down
Through an immeaſurable Date?

III.

What *Depth*, that reſcues us from Hell!
What *Height*, that raiſes us to Heav'n!
For this Immenſity of Grace,
What equal Honours ſhall be giv'n?

IV.

"*Worthy the Lamb that once was ſlain*,"
Sounds through the Skies in endleſs Songs,
"Worthy the Lamb that dy'd," we cry,
And join the Triumphs of our Tongues.

CXLVI. *The*

CXLVI. *The Donatives of our* LORD *to his Churches on his Aſcenſion.*

EPHESIANS iv. 8—13. Common Metre.

I.

WHEN *Jeſus* had reſign'd his Breath
In Agonies and Shame,
Soon from the Priſon of the Grave
Th' illuſtrious Conqueror came:

II.

Soon He aſcends the heav'nly Tow'rs:
Chain'd to his Wheels his Foes
He drags all-vanquiſh'd, and on Men
His choiceſt Gifts beſtows:

III.

Apoſtles and *Evangeliſts*
With Prophets firſt were giv'n
To ſeal the Doctrines which they taught,
By Miracles from Heav'n:

IV.

Paſtors and *Teachers* laſt he gave
In a ſucceſſive Train
To bleſs his Church from Age to Age,
Till He deſcends again:

V.

Celeſtial Truth and Grace divine
Their hallow'd Lips diſpenſe,
And heav'n-born Souls derive their Strength
Their Growth, and Vigour thence,

VI.

Till, as the bleſt Reſult in CHRIST,
To perfect Men they riſe,
And, in their full-grown Graces wait
Their Summons to the Skies.

VII.

These Bleſſings, dear aſcended LORD,
Upon this Church pour down,
By growing Love, and growing Joys
Avouch it for thy own!

VIII.

Let Sinners here to Life divine
Be quick'ned from above,
While Saints, already born to GOD,
In ev'ry Grace improve!

CXLVII. CHRIST *riſing and ſitting at the Right-Hand of* GOD *an Argument why Chriſtians ſhould ſeek the Things above.*

COLOSSIANS iii. 1. Long Metre.

I.

IF *Chriſt* is riſen from the Dead,
Then ſeek, ye Saints, the Things on high:
He that is riſen ſhould aſcend,
And join the Concert of the Sky:

II.

Chriſt is riſen from the Dead,
Then ſeek, ye Saints, the Things above;
Not mortal, but immortal Scenes
Should now attach and fix your Love:

III.

High in the Heav'ns behold your LORD
At the Right-Hand of Glory ſit:
There ſhall he rule till all his Foes
Are cruſh'd, or to his Reign ſubmit.

IV.

Jeſus is gone within the Veil,
And open'd the celeſtial Gates
For your Acceſs, and on his Throne
To welcome your Arrival waits.

V.

Still mindful of his Flock below,
He for his People intercedes;
Our Advocate ſecures our Cauſe,
And from his Scars for Bleſſings pleads.

VI.

Then mount, ye Saints, from Earth and Time,
Stretch, ſtretch your Wings to reach the Skies,
And to your Saviour thron'd above
Let your devout Affections riſe.

On the ſame Paſſage.

CXLVIII. *Aſpiration upward*, or *Saints excited to ſeek the Things above.*

COLOSSIANS iii. 1. Short Metre.

I.

COME, ſeek the Things above,
Come, ſhake off all Delay,
And for eternal Life contend,
While GOD invites to Day.

II.

Come, ſeek the Things above
With moſt inflam'd Deſire,
And thither on the Wings of Faith,
And Love, and Joy aſpire.

III.

Come, ſeek the Things above
With Conſtancy divine,
Hold the immortal Prize in View,
Nor let your Zeal decline.

IV.

Come, ſeek the Things above,
Nor count the Purchaſe vain
To part with ev'ry worldly Good,
Thoſe Treaſures to obtain.

V.

Come, ſeek the Things above
In *Jeſus'* pow'rful Name,
And in your glorious Surety's Right
Th' immenſe Salvation claim.

VI.

Come, ſeek the Things above
With Pray'rs, and Pleas, and Cries
For holy Influence from on high
To form you for the Skies.

CXLIX. *Perpetual Thankſgivings the Duty of Chriſtians.*

1 THESS. v. 18. Short Metre.

I.

FILL, fill your Souls, ye Saints,
With what your GOD has done,
And the rich Joys his Love prepares,
When Time his Sands has run:

II.

In ev'ry Scene of Life,
Though clouded o'er with Woe,
Let the high Praiſes of your GOD
In holy Raptures glow:

III.

This is your Father's Will,
In *Chriſt* your glorious Head,
Whoſe vital Influence, vital Joys
Through all his Members ſpread.

IV.

Let not one Day be paſt
Without ſome Note of Praiſe
Till with the bliſsful Choirs above
Th' eternal Song you raiſe.

CL. *Univerſal Sanctification implored.*

1 THESS. v. 23. Common Metre.

I.

NOW may the GOD of Love and Peace,
From whom all Comfort flows,
And who in his rich Grants of Bliſs,
Nor Bound nor Number knows,

II.

The holy Influence of his Grace
Diffuſe through all your Frame,
And purge out all the Droſs of Sin
By this celeſtial Flame;

III.

For you my fervent Pray'rs aſcend
That Spirit, Soul, and Fleſh
May with an Unction from on high
Be viſited afreſh,

IV.

That to the great deciſive Day,
When CHRIST ſhall come again,
You may, in Holineſs unblam'd,
Approv'd by Heav'n, remain;

V. N

V.

Not all the Good the World can boaſt,
With this one Mercy vies,
A growing Likeneſs to our GOD,
And Meetneſs for the Skies.

CLI. CHRIST's *coming to be glorified in his Saints.*

2 THESS. i. 10. Long Metre.

I.

JESUS the Lord ſhall ere long come
In Splendor from the Realms above,
Come to be ſeen and glorify'd
In the dear People of his Love.

II.

What Honours ſhall adorn his Name,
When from the Duſt their Bodies riſe,
Shake off Mortality, and ſhine
With the bright Armies of the Skies?

III.

How will their Voices ſound his Praiſe,
When Sin with all its Train expires,
And Holineſs unſtain'd, compleat
Crowns and conſummates their Deſires?

IV.

But when with their returning LORD
They ſhall aſcend the World on high,
What loud Acclaims, what Songs divine
Shall ſhout his Triumph to the Sky?

V.

There enter'd, Light, and Life, and Love
Shall their Beatitudes unite,
And through immeaſurable Age
Diffuſe their infinite Delight.

CLII. *Death abolished, and Life and Immortality brought to Light by our* LORD JESUS CHRIST.

2 TIMOTHY i. 10. Long Metre.

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

I.

WHAT worthier Theme can fill our Minds?
What worthier Theme can tune our Breath,
Than *Jesus*, who by dying broke
The Darts, and crush'd the Stings of Death!

II.

He, by his Gospel stamp'd by Heav'n
With ev'ry Proof and Seal divine,
Gives Life, gives Immortality
In full unclouded Light to shine.

III.

" Say, live for ever, Glorious King,
" Ardent to love, and strong to save,
" Thou hast subdu'd our cruel Foes,
" And burst the Prison of the Grave."

IV.

These are the Triumphs, these the Songs,
That round *Immanuel*'s Board we raise
Till He descending shall fulfil
Our Joys, and Heav'n compleat the Praise.

CLIII. *Remembrance of* CHRIST *the Chriſtian's Duty.*

2 TIMOTHY ii. 8. Short Metre.

I.

REmember JESUS CHRIST,
And all his ſaving Plan,
At once th' eternal Son of GOD,
And dying Child of Man:

II.

Prophet, and Prieſt, and King
He ſits on *Zion*'s Hill,
And well his Wiſdom, Pow'r, and Love
His Characters fulfil.

III.

See his Example ſhine
With Rays divinely bright,
And to the World his Saints ſhould hold
An ever-burning Light.

IV.

On CHRIST's ſure Promiſes
Your Hopes of Glory found,
And firſt let Earth, and next the Skies
With his high Praiſe reſound.

V.

Jeſus is All in All,
Jeſus, who once was ſlain,
Jeſus, who burſt the Bands of Death,
And roſe to Life again.

CLIV. *Salvation the Effect of Mercy.*

TITUS iii. 5. Common Metre.

I.

NOT by our Works of Righteouſneſs,
When we were Slaves to Sin,
And ev'ry Word and Deed confeſs'd
Its reigning Pow'r within;

II.

Not by our Works of Righteouſneſs,
When we were born afreſh,
For with the Spirit's Strife we feel
The Conflict of the Fleſh;

III.

But from the Mercy of our GOD,
Self-moving, rich in Love,
We from the Gates of Hell are rais'd,
And join the Bleſs'd above.

IV.

This Mercy let our Hearts, and Tongues,
And Lives conſpire to praiſe,
And ſpread the Song begun on Earth,
Through Heav'n's eternal Days!

V.

Mercy through Immortality
Shall in full Oceans roll;
O be it then the choſen Theme,
And Triumph of the Soul!

CLV. *The Bleſſedneſs of being the Heirs of* God.

TITUS iii. 7. Short Metre.

I.

NOT by their own Deſerts
Do Saints to Glory riſe,
Mercy unmerited alone
Gives us t' aſcend the Skies.

II.

To be the Heirs of Kings,
How it exalts our Name?
But to become the Heirs of Heav'n
Is far ſublimer Fame.

III.

To be an earthly Heir,
Houſes and Lands enſures,
But to be made an Heir divine,
Eternal Life ſecures.

IV.

To be an Heir implies
The Good yet unpoſſeſs'd,
And Saints muſt wait th' appointed Hour,
To be compleatly bleſt.

V.

Fill, fill my Soul, my God,
With Viſions of this Bliſs,
And then thy willing Child to Heav'n,
And all its Joys diſmiſs!

On the ſame Paſſage.

CLVI. *Eternal Life the Promiſe and Hope of the Goſpel.*

TITUS iii. 7. Long Metre.

I.

ETERNAL Life! how ſweet the Sound
To Sinners who deſerv'd to die?
Publiſh the Bliſs the World around,
Echo the Joys, ye Worlds on high.

II.

Eternal Life! how will it reign,
When, mounting from this breathleſs Clod,
The Soul, diſcharg'd from Sin and Pain,
Aſcends t' enjoy its Father, GOD?

III.

Eternal Life! how will it bloom
In Beauty on that bliſsful Day,
When, reſcu'd from th' impriſ'ning Tomb,
Glory inveſts our riſing Clay?

IV.

Eternal Life! O how refin'd
The Joys? The Triumphs how divine?
When Saints in Body and in Mind
Shall in the Saviour's Image ſhine?

V.

Holy and heav'nly be that Soul
Where dwells an Hope ſo bright as this.
How ſhould we long to reach the Goal,
And ſeize the Prize of endleſs Bliſs?

CLVII. *The*

On the ſame Paſſage.

CLVII. *The Saint's Heirſhip of Heaven whence derived.*

TITUS iii. 7. Short Metre.

I.

SAINTS are the Heirs of Heav'n
By their kind Father's Will,
And will He not perform his Grace,
And his Reſolves fulfil?

II.

Saints are the Heirs of Heav'n
In their Redeemer's Right,
Who purchas'd by his dying Blood
Th' Inheritance of Light:

III.

Saints are the Heirs of Heav'n,
And by their Sonſhip claim
The Heritage immenſe, divine
In their great Father's Name.

IV.

Among this glorious Train
O may we be enroll'd,
Nor envy Sinners all their Wealth,
Nor Kings their Thrones of Gold!

V.

He who enjoys this Hope,
From ev'ry Stain within
Refines his Heart, as CHRIST his Lord
Was pure from ev'ry Sin.

CLVIII. *The Perſon, Character, and Glories of our* LORD JESUS CHRIST.

HEBREWS i. 1—4. Common Metre

I.

GOD, who at ſundry Times of old,
In various Forms by Prophets told
His Mind, in theſe laſt Days made known
His Truth and Mercy by his Son:

II.

Him he ordain'd to be the LORD
Of All, to be by All ador'd;
The Worlds He faſhion'd by his Hand,
And gave them All to his Command:

III.

He of his Sire's eſſential Light
Th' Effulgence infinitely bright,
In whom his Perſon ſhines confeſs'd
In living Characters expreſs'd,

IV.

He, on whoſe Word of ſov'reign Pow'r
All Nature leans from Hour to Hour,
When He alone had purg'd our Guilt
By the Peace-ſpeaking Blood he ſpilt,

V.

Aſcending to the Realms on high,
At the Right-hand of Majeſty
Sublime, paternal, took his Throne
To reign in Pow'r and Bliſs unknown.

VI.

By ſo much above Angels He
Shines in celeſtial Dignity
As He a nobler Name than theirs,
The Son of GOD, by Birthright wears.

VII.

Before thy Throne while Seraphs bow,
By Saints above and Saints below,
Be Thou, great Son of God, ador'd
At once our Saviour and our Lord!

CLIX. *Looking to* Jesus *as the High-Priest and Apostle of our Profession.*

Hebrews iii. 1. Long Metre.

I.

BRETHREN, in Nature's tender Ties,
And by the Gospel's better Bands,
By your Relation, by your Hope
Bound to obey your God's Commands,

II.

Partakers of the Call divine,
That sets all Heav'n before your View,
With whom old Things are past away,
With whom all Things are form'd anew,

III.

With Faith, and Love, and Joy behold
Jesus the Prophet of the Skies,
Jesus the reconciling Priest,
Whose Blood for Peace and Pardon cries:

IV.

Write but his Laws upon your Hearts,
Your Souls into his Hands resign,
Your everlasting All is safe
In Truth, and Love, and Pow'r divine.

CLX. *The Happineſs of Saints and the Miſery of Sinners repreſented under the Similitude of the different Treatment of fruitful and unfruitful Grounds.*

HEBREWS vi. 7—9. Common Metre.

I.

PROFESSORS of the Chriſtian Faith,
To your Profeſſion join
Fruits of abounding Righteouſneſs,
And ev'ry Grace divine:

II.

The Earth, that oft enjoys the Rain,
And Herbs and Harveſts yields,
Receives the Bleſſing of its GOD,
And Plenty crowns its Fields:

III.

But Grounds, tho' oft they drink the Show'r,
With Thiſtles, Thorns, and Bri'rs
All overgrown, are curs'd by Heav'n,
Doom'd to devouring Fires;

IV.

But, Brethren, we would fain indulge
A brighter Hope of you:
For you Salvation's Bleſſings riſe
In our delighted View:

V.

Theſe, theſe we truſt are ſurely yours
In your *Immanuel*'s Name,
Though we theſe ſolemn Warnings give,
Theſe awful Truths proclaim.

CLXI. *The Examples of departed Saints in their Faith and Patience to be imitated by us.*

HEBREWS vi. 12. Common Metre.

I.

CHRISTIANS awake, gird up your Loins,
And run the heav'nly Way:
O why this Lethargy of Soul?
And why this dull Delay?

II.

See at the Goal a Cloud of Saints
To ſhout your Welcome ſtands:
Eternal Crowns adorn their Heads,
Triumphal Palms their Hands.

III.

Aſk you how they arriv'd at Heav'n,
And whence their Conqueſt ſprings,
"*Patience*, they cry, infus'd its Strength,
"And *Faith* vouchſaf'd its Wings."

IV.

Let *Faith* and *Patience* then be ours
In our aſcending Road:
On CHRIST we fix our Truſt, and wait
The Promiſe of our GOD.

CLXII. JESUS *our Forerunner.*

HEBREWS vi. 20. Common Metre.

I.

JESUS, the Name deſign'd to ſhow
On what Intent he came,
Jeſus, the Name fix'd to the Croſs
Where he endur'd our Shame;

II.

Jesus, our kind Forerunner's past
Within the Veil on high,
Open'd Heav'n's Portals, and secur'd
Our Entrance to the Sky.

III.

What Mansions has his Love prepar'd?
How bright, how near the Throne?
That Throne, whence endless Rivers flow
Of Life and Joys unknown.

IV.

Ye Saints, to the fair Climes above
Let Faith and Hope arise:
Thrice honour'd Train, ordain'd to trace
Your Leader to the Skies!

V.

No Soul, for whom He deign'd to die,
For whom he deign'd t' ascend,
Shall of his promis'd Glories fail:
He loves us to the End.

CLXIII. *Creation.*

HEBREWS xi. 2. Common Metre.

I.

BY Faith we look through Ages past
And see the Worlds arise,
The solid Land, the flowing Seas,
And these surrounding Skies:

II.

We hear how through the Void immense
Th' Almighty's Order rung;
"*Chaos* be born," and into Birth
Obedient *Chaos* sprung.

III. We

III.

We see the warring Elements
In wild Confusion hurl'd,
And thence produc'd all elegant,
All wisely rang'd a World.

IV.

"Let Light my other Works invest,"
The mighty Maker cries,
And swift through all the Realms of Night
The Light unbounded flies.

V.

What Miracles of Pow'r and Skill
Has the Creator wrought!
Far, far above our Praise they rise,
And overwhelm the Thought!

CLXIV. Abraham's *Obedience in offering up his Son* Isaac.

HEBREWS xi. 17—19. Common Metre.

I.

ABRAHAM, by an amazing Faith,
Obedient to the Skies,
Isaac in full Intention gave
A burning Sacrifice:

II.

He who receiv'd the Promises
Of an unnumber'd Line,
Did to the bloody Stroke of Death
His Son and Heir consign;

III.

For well He reason'd, if his God
But spoke th' all-pow'rful Word,
That from the Ashes of the Slain
His Child should be restor'd.

IV.

By the ſame Faith may we purſue
The Path where Duty lies,
Nor think our Lives, if Heav'n requires,
Too dear a Sacrifice:

V.

They who deny themſelves for God
The trueſt Wiſdom ſhow,
And tenfold Bleſſings ſhall repay
What they for him forego.

CLXV. Jacob *by Faith bleſſing the Sons of* Joſeph.

HEBREWS xi. 21. Common Metre.

I.

BY Faith good *Jacob*, when the Shades
Of Death around him hung,
Bleſſings pronounc'd on *Joſeph*'s Seed
With a prophetic Tongue.

II.

" O may that Ever-living God
" Unblam'd before whoſe Sight
" *Abraham* and *Iſaac*, my dear Sires,
" Walk'd with divine Delight;

III.

" That God, who thro' the numerous Days
" Of my long Pilgrimage,
" Has fed me from his bounteous Hand
" From Infancy to Age:

IV.

" O may that Angel who redeem'd
" My Soul from ev'ry Ill,
" All the good Pleaſure of his Love
" In theſe my Sons fulfil!"

V.

With Adorations moſt profound
The Patriarch pour'd his Mind,
As, ſitting on his Couch's Side,
He on his Staff reclin'd.

VI.

Thus let us, in our dying Hours,
Our Seed to GOD commend;
The Clouds of Pray'r when we are gone
In Bleſſings ſhall deſcend.

CLXVI. Joſeph's *Prophecy of the Departure of the* Iſraelites *from* Egypt, *and his Charge concerning his Bones.*

HEBREWS xi. 22. Long Metre.

I.

WHEN *Joſeph*, like a ſetting Sun,
Had his long Courſe of Glory run,
By Faith He told what Scenes ſhould riſe,
When Death's cold Hand had clos'd his Eyes.

II.

" I die, He to his Brethren cry'd,
" But GOD ſhall be your Guard and Guide,
" And lead you from this foreign Strand
" Safe into *Canaan*'s promis'd Land:

" Then

III.

" Then ſhall you bear my Bones away,
" And in that Cave my Aſhes lay,
" Where waits my Parents ſleeping Duſt
" The Reſurrection of the Juſt."

IV.

Thus ſhould we die before the Days
When CHRIST ſhall his high Standard raiſe,
And ride triumphant through the Earth;
Our Faith ſhall hail our future Birth.

V.

Thus may we wiſh, from Fleſh undreſs'd,
Our Bodies with the Saints may reſt,
With them to moulder, them to riſe,
When the laſt Trumpet ſhakes the Skies.

CLXVII. Moſes's *Choice.*

HEBREWS xi. 24—26. Common Metre.

I.

MOSES, that Man of GOD by Faith,
When He to Years attain'd
To be the Grandſon of a King,
And *Egypt*'s Pomps diſdain'd;

II.

Preferring rather to endure
Affliction with the Saints
To ſave them from the Tyrant's Wrongs,
Or ſoften their Complaints,

III.

Than in a Court, corrupt, prophane,
Enjoy the Sweets of Sin,
That only for a Moment pleaſe,
But kill the Bliſs within,

IV. Eſteem

IV.

Esteeming the Reproach of CHRIST
Far more enriching Gains
Than all the Wealth of *Pharaoh*'s Houſe,
And all his wide Domains.

V.

Beyond this tranſitory Scene
Faith ſent its piercing Eye,
And look'd to an immenſe Reward,
Th' Inheritance on high.

VI.

O for the Pow'rs of *Moſes*' Faith
All Trials to endure,
All mortal Intereſts to reſign
To make our Heav'n ſecure!

CLXVIII. *The great Achievements of* Moſes *by the Power of Faith.*

HEBREWS xi. 17—29. Common Metre.

I.

MOSES by Faith the choſen Seed
Leads forth from *Egypt*'s Coaſt,
Nor fears the Tyrant's fierce Purſuit,
Nor his unnumber'd Hoſt:

II.

Strengthen'd by Faith his Soul remain'd
Undaunted and ſerene,
That ſaw a preſent, pow'rful GOD
By Eyes of Fleſh unſeen.

III.

By Faith he kill'd the *Paſchal* Lamb
At the Command of GOD,
And ſprinkled upon *Iſrael*'s Doors
The Life-ſecuring Blood:

IV.

Thus when th' Avenger arm'd with Death
All *Egypt*'s First-born slew,
He pass'd all *Jacob*'s Dwellings by,
For well the Sign he knew.

V.

By Faith the heav'nly Hero led
All *Israel* through the Main;
The Floods roll'd back to either Side,
And left a naked Plain:

VI.

In the same Path like them to pass
Presumptuous *Egypt* try'd,
But o'er their Heads down rush'd in Death
The congregated Tide.

VII.

Thus from the Bonds and Reign of Sin
The heav'n-born Soul departs,
Nor dreads the gloomy Prince of Hell,
Nor all his fiery Darts:

VIII.

Thus we our Passover observe,
And on the Lamb of GOD
We feed by Faith, by Faith apply
His Soul-securing Blood:

IX.

Thus when we reach the Brink of Death,
And see the Billows high,
May Heav'n in Mercy rend the Floods,
And lay the Channels dry!

CLXIX. *Afflictions the ſure Attendants of adopting Mercy.*

HEBREWS xii. 5—8. Long Metre.

I.

DO ye forget the gracious Word
That ſpeaks in a paternal Strain?
"Spurn not the Chaſt'nings of the LORD,
"My Son, nor treat them with Diſdain,

II.

"And when the Heav'n-directed Rod
"Draws its deep Furrows on thine Heart
"Call it the Diſcipline of GOD,
"Nor faint beneath the pungent Smart."

III.

The LORD rebukes his heav'n-born Heirs,
A choſen, a diſtinguiſh'd Race,
And ſcourges ev'ry Son, who ſhares
A Portion in his richeſt Grace.

IV.

Are you chaſtis'd? Your Father, GOD,
With you as with his Children deals.
What Son but the afflicting Rod
Of kind parental Wiſdom feels?

V.

If you ſhould no Corrections bear,
To Sons without Exception giv'n,
Know that a ſpurious Race you are,
And not the Progeny of Heav'n.

VI.

Be then, ye ſuff'ring Saints, ſerene,
And huſh your Murmurs and Complaints;
Adoption gilds the gloomy Scene:
You ſhare the Lot and Bliſs of Saints.

CLXX. *Spiritual Benefits the Fruits of Affliction.*

HEBREWS xii. 9—12. Long Metre.

I.

AND did the Fathers of our Fleſh
Correct us in our younger Years?
And did we tremble at their Strokes,
And ſhow our Duty by our Tears?

II.

And ſhall not we much rather bow
To the great Father of our Souls,
When He a ſharp Affliction ſends,
And our erroneous Courſe controls?

III.

By ſuch Subjection we ſhall prove
That GOD is ours, that we are his;
Patience ſupports us on our Way,
And ends in everlaſting Bliſs.

IV.

Our Parents chaſten'd us a while
At their own arbitrary Will,
And oft their Diſcipline was marr'd
With Weakneſs, or was mix'd with Ill,

V.

But GOD, the Father of our Souls,
Does for our Benefit chaſtiſe
That we his Holineſs may ſhare,
And grow divinely good and wiſe.

VI.

Affliction for the preſent ſeems
A Root of Wormwood and of Woe,
But thence the rich celeſtial Fruits
Of Piety and Pleaſure grow.

VII.

Riſe, riſe, ye drooping Saints, erect
Your falling Hands, and faultering Knees,
Tread down the Thorns acroſs the Road,
And haſte th' immortal Prize to ſeize.

CLXXI. *No continuing City on Earth, but one ſought for in Heaven.*

HEBREWS xii. 14. Common Metre.

I.

ALL, all is Vanity below,
Shadow, and Air, and Dream,
And oft on Miſery's Edge we ſtand
When moſt ſecure we ſeem.

II.

There's no abiding City here:
Earthquake, and Flame, and Flood
Our Houſes cruſh, and leave behind
No Traces where they ſtood.

III.

Thus *London*, once by Fire conſum'd,
Lay ſmoking on the Ground,
And Earthquake ſhook down *Liſbon*'s Tow'rs,
And ſpread Deſtruction round.

IV.

Thus o'er *Gomorrah*'s ſtately Domes,
And *Sodom*'s tow'ring Pride,
What dead ſulphureous Seas extend,
And all their Glories hide?

V.

But there's a City built by GOD
In the third Heav'n ſublime,
Secure from ev'ry dire Event,
Beyond the Waſte of Time.

VI.

This City we unwearied ſeek
With all our Zeal and Pow'rs;
There are our Names, ours are its Rights,
And all its Honours ours.

VII.

O when ſhall that bright Hour arrive,
That thither brings our Souls!
There Glory ſhines without a Cloud,
And endleſs Pleaſure rolls.

CLXXII. On the ſame Paſſage.

Long Metre.

I.

AS *Iſrael*'s Tribes in Tents ſojourn'd,
While Pilgrims in a dreary Waſte,
But, reaching *Canaan*'s better Land,
In durable Abodes were plac'd,

II.

So Chriſtians in this Wilderneſs
Inhabit Cottages of Clay,
Till to the City of their God
At Death their Spirits wing their Way.

III.

O what bleſt Scenes ſhall then ſurprize!
There dwells our God, our Saviour there,
And on his Fleſh the lively Scars
Of his once bleeding Wounds appear.

IV.

Myriads of Angels there are ſeen
With Glory crown'd, in Bliſs compleat,
And there from ev'ry Clime and Age
Myriads of Saints departed meet.

V. Then

V.

There Pleaſure opens all its Springs
Wide-watering the divine Abode,
And ev'ry Harp, and ev'ry Tongue
Sound the high Praiſes of their GOD.

CLXXIII. GOD *the never-failing Friend and Portion of his People.*

HEBREWS xiii. 5. Common Metre.

I.

TH' Eternal GOD hath pledg'd his Word,
Nor can his Promiſe break,
My Saints I never will forget,
I never will forſake;

II.

In ev'ry Trouble, Conflict, Strait
My inſtant Aid is theirs,
And for their bliſsful Home my Grace
The Heav'n of Heav'ns prepares:

III.

In Life I'll be their Guide and Guard,
In Death their Strength and Stay,
Scatt'ring the chill tremendous Gloom
With my enliv'ning Ray:

IV.

Then ſhall their Spirits mount on high
Freed from their Clogs and Cell,
And in the Boſom of my Love
Imparadis'd ſhall dwell.

CLXXIV. *Salvation riſing from* GOD *the Father, and our Thankſgivings to him for the Mercy.*

1 PETER i. 3 and 4. Common Metre.

I.

BLESS'D be the everlaſting GOD,
And Father of our LORD,
And be his rich exuberant Grace
By ev'ry Tongue ador'd,

II.

Who, by the Riſing of his Son
Triumphant from the Tomb,
Begat our Souls anew, and chang'd
The Horrors of our Doom

III.

Into an animating Hope
Of Pardon, Peace, and Joy,
Which no Diſtreſſes can abate,
Nor Death himſelf deſtroy,

IV.

Of an Inheritance divine,
Secure from all Decay,
That never ſhall with Sin be ſtain'd,
And never fade away,

V.

Reſerv'd for all the Saints of GOD
In thoſe ſuperior Skies,
Where no Viciſſitudes ſhall come,
Nor Clouds can ever riſe.

On the ſame Paſſage.

CLXXV. *Praiſe to the Father for his Grace in* CHRIST JESUS, *and the Bleſſings communicated by him.*

1 PETER i. 3 and 4. Common Metre.

I.

IMMORTAL Honours to the GOD
And Father of our LORD,
And be his Name by Saints above
And Saints below ador'd,

II.

Whoſe Love unmerited hath caſt
On us its pitying Eye,
And ranſom'd Sinners, whom his Law
Had juſtly doom'd to die;

III.

Who by the Riſing of his Son,
And Triumph o'er the Tomb,
Has rais'd us to a lively Hope,
And chang'd our direful Doom

IV.

Into a fair Inheritance
In Worlds on high ſecure,
Without Corruption, without Stain
For ever to endure.

V.

What Tongues, what Thoughts can reach the
On *Adam*'s Race beſtow'd? [Love
Ye Rebels from their Dungeons riſe
The Sons, the Heirs of GOD!

CLXXVI. *Love to an unſeen Saviour.*

1 PETER i. 8. Common Metre.

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

I.

JESUS the Son and Sent of GOD
Was crucify'd and ſlain;
Jeſus, the Lord of Life and Death,
Reviv'd and roſe again:

II.

Soon to th' eternal Hills on high
He took his joyful Flight,
And interpoſing Clouds and Skies
Now veil him from our Sight:

III.

But, though inviſible to Senſe,
The Saints ſtill love their LORD,
Invoke his Name, proclaim his Praiſe,
And truſt his faithful Word:

IV.

Around his ſacred Board they meet,
With Joy each Boſom burns,
And ſhow the Wonders of his Love
Till He from Heav'n returns.

CLXXVII. *The Sufferings of* CHRIST, *t*
Deſign and bleſſed Iſſue.

1 PETER iii. 18. Short Metre.

I.

BEHOLD our ſuffering LORD,
What huge Diſtreſs He bore,
What Anguiſh rack'd his inmoſt Soul,
What Thongs his Body bore!

II.

Say, whence did all theſe Pains,
Theſe unknown Miſeries riſe?
The Righteous for th' Unrighteous Sake
Obeys, and bleeds, and dies.

III.

And what the End deſign'd?
To bring us near to God,
To enjoy the Sunſhine of his Face,
Nor fear his angry Rod.

IV.

To thee, Incarnate God,
What Praiſes ſhall be giv'n?
Let the whole Earth reſound thy Name,
Thy Name the Choirs of Heav'n!

LXXVIII. *Divine Grace the Spring of Holineſs.*

2 Peter i. 3. Common Metre.

I.

SEE Promiſes exceeding great,
Moſt gracious, moſt divine,
Like Stars, that gild the Reign of Night,
Through all the Scriptures ſhine.

II.

Whence all this Love to worthleſs Man?
'Tis all that Man may ſhare
His Father's Face array'd with Smiles,
And his bleſt Image wear.

III.

How happy thus t' eſcape the Chains
Of Luſt and wild Deſire,
Clap the free Wing, and to our God,
Our Life, our All aſpire?

IV.

Thus from the boundleſs Grace of Heav'n
Does Holineſs ariſe,
As Plants and Trees ſhoot up, and grow
Beneath propitious Skies.

V.

How ſweet th' Obedience, when it ſprings
From Principles of Love!
Not Saints, not Seraphim enjoy
Diviner Bliſs above.

CLXXIX. *The Chriſtian's Duty and Happineſs.*

2 PETER i. 10, 11. Common Metre.

I.

BRethren in CHRIST, exert your Pow'rs,
And hear, and watch, and pray;
Let this great Object fill your Thoughts
Till you reſign your Clay,

II.

To make the gracious Call of God,
And your Election ſure,
That you in ev'ry new Diſtreſs
May ſee your Heav'n ſecure:

III.

Thus ſhall you never fall from GOD,
But in your chriſtian Race
Be guided, ſtrengthen'd, and upheld
By all-ſufficient Grace;

IV.

Thus, with your LORD's Applauſes crown'd
An Entrance ſhall be giv'n
Into the everlaſting Gates,
The Life and Bliſs of Heav'n.

V.

O never think that aught is done
While aught remains to do,
And without Weariness or Rest
Your heav'nly Course pursue!

CLXXX. *The second Coming of* CHRIST.

2 PETER ii. 12. Long Metre.

I.

BEHOLD the Day of GOD draws near,
The Day of Vengeance and of Grace,
The Day that through Eternity
Shall fix the States of human Race.

II.

Thron'd on a Cloud the LORD appears,
Whose Trumpet rends the Earth and Skies,
Rous'd at the Sound th' unnumber'd Dead
Shall instant at the Call arise.

III.

Heav'n's blissful Portals lifted high
Shall give the righteous Nations Room;
Hell shall receive the trembling Crowds
Of Sinners to their fiery Doom:

IV.

Then shall this Earth, these lower Heav'ns
By Conflagration be destroy'd,
And all this World-repleniſh'd Space
Become a desolated Void.

V.

This Day of GOD let us expect,
And realize the solemn Scene,
All hast'ning to its promis'd Bliss,
Though crowding Ages intervene.

VI.

How ſhould Life's glitt'ring Vapours fade
Before its Splendour in our View,
And with what Ardor, what Delight
Should we the heav'nly Road purſue?

CLXXXI. JESUS CHRIST *our Advocate.*

1 JOHN ii. 4. Long Metre.

I.

WE have an Advocate on high
In *Jeſus*, our aſcended LORD,
T' aſſiſt and vindicate our Cauſe
He will his Patronage afford.

II.

The violated Law condemns,
Vengeance prepares its Bolt to throw,
Immanuel, full of Truth and Grace,
Riſes, and intercepts the Blow.

III.

" I own the Sinners Doom is juſt,
" His Blood may righteouſly be ſpilt,
" But did I not on *Calvary*'s Croſs
" Make full Atonement for his Guilt?

IV.

" Then let him live, his ev'ry Crime,
" Though foul and black as Hell, forgiv'n,
" Enrol him with the Sons of GOD,
" The Favourites and the Heirs of Heav'n."

V.

Jeſus, our Souls, our Cauſe, our All
We truſt into thy faithful Hands,
Be thou our gracious Advocate;
Anſwer for us the Law's Demands!

CLXXXII. *Chriſtians bound by their Profeſſion to follow their* LORD's *Example.*

1 JOHN ii. 6. Common Metre.

I.

THE Men, who to the World declare
That they with CHRIST abide,
Ought to purſue the Path He trod,
Nor ever turn aſide.

II.

Devotion to his Father-God
The Hours of Night employ'd;
On the cold Mountains wrapt in Shades
His Viſions he enjoy'd:

III.

Zeal for his Father's Honour touch'd,
And kindled all his Soul,
Zeal that no Flatteries could ſuppreſs,
No hoſtile Pow'r control:

IV.

All ſpiritual, refin'd, and pure
His *Temper* and *Deſign:*
Above theſe ſublunary Scenes
He led a Life divine.

V.

All worldly Pleaſures, Riches, Pow'r
Were deem'd by him as nought,
The heav'nly Regions whence He came
Alone by him were ſought.

VI.

Let all who bear the Chriſtian Name,
Be Followers of the LORD;
With his bright Pattern let their Souls,
And Lips, and Lives accord.

CLXXXIII. Rev. iii. 20.

Long Metre.

I.

" BEHOLD, the great *Immanuel* cries,
" And let my Grace your Souls ſurprize,
" I ſtand a Suitor at the Gate,
" There knock, and there for Entrance wait:

II.

" Whoever hearkens to my Voice,
" And in his free and chearful Choice
" Opens to me, ſhall ſurely find
" A Friend in me divinely kind:

III.

" With him, and I'll provide the Feaſt,
" I'll deign to ſit a gracious Gueſt,
" And he ſhall eat and drink with me
" In the full Joys of Amity."

IV.

Jeſus, aſtoniſh'd at thy Love,
We ev'ry Bolt and Bar remove;
Come, King of Grace and Glory, come:
Ye Gates, unfold to make him Room.

CLXXXIV. *Chriſtian Soldiers, their Warfare and Reward.*

Rev. iii. 24. Long Metre.

I.

BENEATH the Banners of their Lord,
Arm'd with his Helmet, Shield, and Sword
Chriſtians the holy War maintain
Till Death concludes the hard Campaign.

II. Be

II.

Behold their Banners wide unfurl'd
Againſt the Fleſh, againſt the World,
Its frowning Wrath, its treacherous Smiles,
And *Satan*'s Rage, and *Satan*'s Wiles.

III.

Ye Saints of GOD, ſupport the Fight
As in your gracious Leader's Sight;
And hear him from his Throne on high
Thus to his faithful Soldiers cry:

IV.

"Whoever overcomes ſhall riſe,
"And ſhare my Glory in the Skies,
"As I, when I had cruſh'd my Foes,
"To the Right-hand of Glory roſe."

CLXXXV. *The Glories and Bleſſedneſs of Saints departed a Spring of Conſolation, and a Reaſon why we ſhould deſire Heaven.*

REV. vii. 14—17. Common Metre.

I.

FROM theſe dark Scenes of Sin and Woe,
Where Death triumphant reigns,
Faith lifts its Eye, draws back the Veil,
And views the heav'nly Plains:

II.

There Saints appear before the Throne
Array'd in Robes of Light,
All waſh'd in the Redeemer's Blood,
And glorious in his Sight:

III.

They in the Temple of their God
Beneath his bliſsful Ray
Serve him with ever-freſh Delight
Through Heav'n's eternal Day.

IV.

Hunger and Thirſt are felt no more,
Nor Sun, nor Heat annoys;
Infinite Love is all their Song,
And infinite their Joys.

V.

The Lamb, who 'midſt the Throne reſides,
Deſcending from his Seat,
Will feed the Ranſom'd of his Love
At *Zion*'s flow'ry Feet:

VI.

He too to ever-living Springs
Shall his dear Charge convey,
And God's own Hand from ev'ry Eye
Wipe ev'ry Tear away.

VII.

Then, when our Friends we ſo much lov'd
This Death and Darkneſs leave,
In endleſs Light and Life to dwell,
Say, where the Cauſe to grieve?

VIII.

Shall we not rather wiſh to join
The Songs, the Bliſs above?
Why ſtays thy Chariot, Lord, ſo long?
How ſlow the Minutes move?

CLXXXVI. *Heaven*, or *the Happineſs of departed Saints.*

REV. vii. 15—17. Long Metre.

I.

NOW let the Eye of Faith purſue
The Saints to their eternal Home:
To Heav'n, the Paradiſe of GOD,
See them convoy'd by Angels come:

II.

Before th' Almighty's Throne they ſtand
Approv'd and honour'd in his Eyes,
"Well done, ye Servants of the LORD,
"Welcome, thrice welcome to the Skies."

III.

They in the Temple of their GOD
Shall praiſe and ſerve him Day and Night,
And find Obedience to his Will
Rewarded by its own Delight:

IV.

Enthron'd in everlaſting Love
Their Father ſhall with them reſide
Without one Frown upon his Face,
One Cloud his bliſsful Beams to hide.

V.

Hunger no more is felt or fear'd,
The Pangs of Thirſt no more annoy,
No ſcorching Suns, nor ſultry Heats
Shall interrupt the boundleſs Joy.

VI.

The Lamb, that once was ſlain, but now
Shines in the Centre of the Throne,
Shall lead them to th' eternal Springs
Of Life divine, and Bliſs unknown.

VII.

GOD, their own GOD, with gentleſt Hand
From ev'ry Eye wipes ev'ry Tear.
Such Honours are for Saints prepar'd,
When they no longer ſojourn here.

CLXXXVII. *The Bleſſedneſs of dying in the* LORD.

REV. xiv. 13. Common Metre.

I.

FROM the eternal Throne on high,
Deck'd with a Rainbow round *,
A Voice deſcended, and my Ears
Imbib'd the bliſsful Sound;

II.

" Write what is ſpoken by thy GOD,
" And let the faithful Page
" Record the Mercy and the Truth
" To ev'ry future Age.

III.

" Happy, for ever happy they,
" Who in the LORD have dy'd,
" From that bright Moment, which the Bands
" Of Life and Pain unty'd:

IV.

" Yea, ſaid the Spirit, and confirm'd
" The Oracle divine,
" From ev'ry Grief and Burden freed
" On Thrones of Bliſs they ſhine:

* Rev. iv. 3.

V. " The

V.

"The pious Works their Hands have wrought
"Attend them to the Skies,
"And from the World they left behind
"Like Clouds of Incenſe riſe."

VI.

Among theſe holy happy Tribes,
LORD, let our Souls be found,
Like them in Life, like them in Death,
Like them with Glory crown'd!

CLXXXVIII. *Excitation to holy Watchfulneſs.*

REV. xvi. 15. Short Metre.

I.

THEY who remit their watch
Will be expos'd to Shame,
When they behold their Garments ſeiz'd
By the devouring Flame:

II.

They who in Slumbers waſte
Their Lives, ſhall ſurely find
The ſecond Death, with all the Woes
Of Hell enchain'd behind.

III.

Thrice happy are the Souls,
That ever watch and pray;
Their Faith and Hope ſalute the Dawn
Of Heav'n's eternal Day:

IV.

They ſmile ſerene in Death,
And triumph o'er the Tomb,
Th' adopted Sons, th' appointed Heirs
Of endleſs Bliſs to come.

On the ſame Paſſage.

CLXXXIX. *Conſtant Watchfulneſs the Chriſtian's Duty.*

REV. xvi. 15. Common Metre.

I.

AS Centinels upon their Poſts,
As Watchmen in their Rounds
Mark ev'ry Object's earlieſt Glimpſe,
And catch the earlieſt Sounds;

II.

Juſt ſo ſhould ev'ry Chriſtian wait
Through all his Stay below;
All Eye, all Ear to ev'ry Breath,
And ev'ry ſecret Foe:

III.

To GOD, to others, and themſelves
Let them attend with Heed,
And proſecute their heav'nly Work
With Vigilance and Speed.

IV.

While others ſleep let Saints ariſe,
Nor ceaſe to watch and pray
Till the Night ends its gloomy Reign
In everlaſting Day.

V.

Short is the Seaſon of our Toils,
But long our Reſt to come,
And the next Hour may kindly call
Our longing Spirits Home.

CXC. *The*

CXC. *The new Creation by* CHRIST.

REV. xxi. 5. Long Metre.

I.

SEE all Things by the Pow'r and Love
Of our *Immanuel* form'd anew,
Behold the City of our GOD
Deſcending to our raptur'd View;

II.

There ſhall the Saints triumphant dwell
With Angels and their Life enjoy,
And their harmonious Harps and Tongues
In everlaſting Praiſe employ:

III.

No more their Bodies rack'd with Pain,
Or moulder'd by the Curſe are found,
Immortal from the Duſt they riſe,
And with immortal Glory crown'd:

IV.

Sin ſhall defile and vex no more,
In infinite Perfection loſt.
O when ſhall we our Harbour gain,
And land on this celeſtial Coaſt!

END OF BOOK I.

HYMNS

HYMNS.

BOOK II.

Compoſed on SACRED SUBJECTS and PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

HYMNS

BOOK II.

HYMNS.

I. GOD *acknowledged and adored, and the Soul imploring an Intereſt in his Favour.*

Common Metre.

I.

THOU Ever-preſent, great Unknown,
Of Being, Life, and Bliſs
Th' eternal, uncreated Source,
The infinite Abyſs;

II.

Thou Self-exiſtent, Underiv'd,
And Unſupported Pow'r,
Whoſe *Fiat* gave to *Nature* Birth,
To *Time* preſcrib'd his Hour;

III.

Of thine own Plenitude poſſeſs'd
Thou wert all Worlds before,
And Thou ſhalt be for ever bleſs'd,
When Worlds revolve no more.

IV.

Beings, like Cluſters on the Vine,
Depend on Thee alone,
From the poor Reptile in the Duſt
Up to th' Archangel's Throne.

V.

So great art Thou, that Earth, Stars, Suns,
All vaniſh in thy Sight,
So kind, that thy paternal Care
Suſtains the meaneſt Mite.

VI.

Thy Smile beatifies the Realms
Where Saints and Seraphs dwell;
Thy Frown creates the blackeſt Night,
And makes the Hell of Hell.

VII.

Thou Great *I am*, Thou All in All,
O deign on me to ſhine!
The utmoſt Happineſs I crave
Is but to call Thee mine.

VIII.

Father of Spirits, in thy Love
Make thine own Offspring bleſs'd,
O Thou, my Parent, Portion, Lord,
And Centre of my Reſt!

IX.

As Flames aſcend their native Skies,
Rivers to Oceans roll,
So to the Boſom of my GOD
In Tranſport flies my Soul.

II. *The Soul rejoicing in its* GOD.

Common Metre.

I.

THE great, the good *Jehovah* lives
Through all Eternity,
Nor can his Nature ever fail,
Nor his Perfections die:

II.

Then let my Soul for ever bleſs
My Refuge and my Rock,
Secure from all-devouring Time,
Secure from ev'ry Shock:

III.

He is the ever-living Spring,
Whence my Salvation flows,
Whoſe Streams afford a full Relief
To all my Wants and Woes:

IV.

Long as I live, All-gracious GOD,
Thy Praiſes I'll proclaim,
And in ſublimer Strains on high
Give Glory to thy Name.

III. *The Excellency of Religion, and Perſons of all Ages exhorted to its Love and Practice.*

Common Metre.

I.

CHILDREN and Youth, to GOD preſent
The Firſt-fruits of your Days;
Let Heart, and Lip, and Life unite
In his perpetual Praiſe.

II.

Ye who have climb'd Life's middle Stage,
And in your Strength rejoice,
From a vain World ſecure your Hearts,
And be the LORD your Choice.

III.

Antients of Days, whoſe Bodies bend,
And totter to their Fall,
Erect yourſelves by Faith, and make
Th' Eternal GOD your All.

IV.

Angels, when they deſcend to Earth,
And mark the Scenes below,
Sceptres, and Thrones, and Crowns deſpiſe,
A vain illuſive Show.

V.

But hail the *Youth* ſet out for Heav'n—
The *Man* who loves his GOD—
The *hoary Saint*, whoſe Graces bloom
From Nature's crumbling Clod.

VI.

Riches and Honours, O! how poor,
How light in Wiſdom's Scale!
'Tis Holineſs that ſtamps our Worth,
And will with Heav'n avail.

IV. *Chriſtian Benevolence*, or *the Duty and Pleaſures of doing Good.*

Long Metre.

I.

O What ſtupendous Mercy ſhines
Around the Majeſty of Heav'n!
Rebels He deigns to call his Sons,
Their Souls renew'd, their Sins forgiv'n:

II.

Go, imitate the Grace divine,
The Grace that blazes like a Sun,
Hold forth your fair, though feeble, Lights,
Through all your Lives let Mercy run:

III.

Upon your Bounty's willing Wings
Swift let the great Salvation fly;
The Hungry feed, the Naked clothe,
To Pain and Sickneſs Help apply:

IV.

Pity the weeping Widow's Woe,
And be her Counſellor and Stay,
Adopt the Fatherleſs, and ſmoothe
To uſeful, happy Life his Way:

V.

Let Age, with Want and Weakneſs bow'd,
Your Bowels of Compaſſion move,
Let ev'n your Enemies be bleſs'd,
Their Hatred recompens'd with Love.

VI.

Such Diſpoſitions, ſuch bright Deeds
Will prove that you from Heav'n are born;
By theſe you glorify your God,
By theſe the Chriſtian Name adorn.

V. CHRIST *the Physician of sick and dying Souls.*

Short Metre.

I.

SEE a large Hospital
Of sick and dying Men
Without one Hope to be restor'd
To Health and Joy again:

II.

The Son of GOD looks down
From Heav'n on our Distress,
And on the Wings of Mercy flies
Our Misery to redress:

III.

Upon the Cross He sheds
His Blood, of Pow'r to heal
The deepest Wound, the sharpest Pang,
That guilty Souls can feel:

IV.

His Spirit he vouchsafes
To cure the Plague of Sin,
All its malignant Spots without,
And fouler Sores within:

V.

But this Disease in Part
Will in the Best remain
Till Glory shall compleat the Work,
And purge out ev'ry Stain:

VI.

Then, then through all our Pow'rs
Shall Health divine abound,
While our Physician's endless Praise
Shall from each Tongue resound.

VI. *Human Life frail and precarious.*

Common Metre.

I.

HOW ſhort is human Life! At moſt
To ſeventy Years confin'd,
And of the few perhaps one Half
Is gone and left behind!

II.

Not Youth's gay Bloom, not Childhood's Bud
Are privileg'd from Death:
This beating Pulſe may prove the laſt,
The laſt this paſſing Breath.

III.

But let this Life's ſwift Vapour die,
Or make a longer Stay,
'Tis of no Moment to the Heirs
Of Heav'n's eternal Day:

IV.

There all is laſting, all ſecure
From Changes and Decays;
Hope in Fruition, Faith in Sight,
And Pray'r concludes in Praiſe.

VII. *Death a Viper, but harmleſs to the People of* GOD.

Common Metre.

I.

DEATH is an Aſp, the Birth of Sin,
With Pains and Poiſons arm'd;
That by no Pow'r can be ſubdu'd,
By no Inchantment charm'd:

II.

Alike on Sinners and on Saints
The Viper ſpends his Rage,
Flies through the Nations uncontrol'd,
And ſpares nor Sex nor Age:

III.

But let no Fears, ye Sons of GOD,
Your peaceful Breaſts alarm,
The Serpent may have leave to hiſs,
But has no Pow'r to harm:

IV.

Death will convey your joyful Souls
To Seats of endleſs Reſt,
From ev'ry Stain of Sin refin'd,
From ev'ry Pain releas'd.

V.

Pleaſures tranſcendent, undefil'd
Shall all your Pow'rs poſſeſs;
Not Millions of exhauſted Years
Shall make th' Enjoyment leſs.

VI.

Meantime in Union to its LORD
The crumbling Clay ſhall reſt
Till at his Call the Duſt ſhall riſe
In his full Glories dreſs'd:

VII.

Then ſhall the Body and the Soul
To perfect Bliſs attain,
And with their Saviour and their God
In Life immortal reign.

VIII. *The Desires of the Soul under sudden and heavy Afflictions.*

Long Metre.

I.

CLEAR was my Sky without a Cloud,
And Sun-beams all around me shone,
My Lips proclaim'd my Joys aloud,
And made my Father's Honours known:

II.

"What shall I render, Gracious Heav'n,"
My Soul in sacred Transport cry'd,
"For all the Mercies Thou hast giv'n:
"See how they crowd on ev'ry Side!"

III.

A sudden Tempest veil'd the Skies,
Fierce Light'nings flam'd, deep Thunders roar'd,
My Heart was struck with sad Surprize,
And all my wither'd Joys deplor'd.

IV.

Pity me, LORD, in this Distress,
Scatter the gloomy Clouds away,
Or with thy Love sustain and bless
Till Grace restores my banish'd Day.

V.

Into thine Hands myself I give,
Whatever Lot to me shall fall;
Firm to thyself resolv'd to cleave,
O Thou, my Hope, my Life, my All!

VI.

Grant but thy Presence to my Heart
And I in heav'nly Calms shall dwell,
Despise Affliction's sharpest Dart,
And face the Storms of Earth and Hell.

IX. CHRIST *our Prophet.*

Common Metre.

I.

JESUS, the Prophet of the LORD,
Was by his Mercy giv'n
T' unfold the Secrets of his Will,
And guide our Steps to Heav'n:

II.

The Character He well fulfill'd,
And, like the Morning's Ray,
Triumphant o'er the Shades of Night,
Diffus'd celeſtial Day:

III.

By Deeds ſtupendous and divine
He his Commiſſion ſeal'd,
And Pow'r almighty ratify'd
The Doctrines He reveal'd:

IV.

Futurity's amazing Scenes
He open'd to our Sight,
Regions of everlaſting Day,
And Realms of endleſs Night:

V.

O'er all his Courſe celeſtial Grace
Unclouded Radiance threw,
His heav'nly Speech ſurpriz'd the Ear,
His heav'nly Life the View.

VI.

How ſhould this Prophet from on high
Be welcom'd and ador'd,
While, humbly ſitting at his Feet,
We hear th' *Incarnate Word!*

X. *The humble Suppliant.*

Common Metre.

I.

LORD, at thy Door of Mercy waits
A Child of *Adam*'s Race,
For whom, though not for Angels, Thou
Haſt rais'd a Throne of Grace:

II.

Like a foul Leproſy my Sin
Has tainted ev'ry Pow'r,
And arm'd with Thunders o'er my Head
What Storms of Vengeance low'r!

III.

Weak, impotent I come to Thee
For Succour and Defence:
What Wonders may not Worms perform
Whoſe Help's Omnipotence?

IV.

Abas'd, ſelf-emptied at thy Gate
On Thee, my GOD, I call;
Want, Guilt, and Wretchedneſs are mine,
But Thou art All in All.

XI. *Acknowledgment of the divine Goodneſs in Providence and Grace.*

Common Metre.

I.

THY Goodneſs, LORD, our Souls confeſs,
Thy Goodneſs we adore:
A Spring whoſe Bleſſings never fail,
A Sea without a Shore:

II.

Sun, Moon, and Stars thy Love atteſt
In ev'ry chearful Ray;
Love draws the Curtains of the Night,
And Love reſtores the Day:

III.

Thy Bounty ev'ry Seaſon crowns
With all the Bliſs it yields;
With joyful Cluſters bend the Vines,
With Harveſts wave the Fields:

IV.

But chiefly thy Compaſſions, LORD,
Are in the Goſpel ſeen:
There, like the Sun, thy Mercy ſhines
Without a Cloud between.

V.

Thy Son, thy nobleſt, richeſt Gift,
Was from thy Boſom ſent
To bear from off our guilty World
Its Load of Puniſhment.

VI.

Pardon, Acceptance, Peace, and Joy
Are publiſh'd in his Name:
Ours is the Life, the Glory ours,
And his the Death and Shame.

VII.

Of ſovereign Grace how wide the Reign!
How ſtrong the Current rolls
That bears to Heav'n's unbounded Bliſs,
Our Hell-deſerving Souls!

XII. *The Sinner's Security.*

Common Metre.

I.

SINNER, unnumber'd are thy Crimes,
And deep their crimſon Dies,
And each upon thine Head demands
The Thunder of the Skies:

II.

But ſee a Mediator ſtands,
Immanuel is his Name,
Between the Rebel and the Bolt,
And ſtops th' avenging Flame.

III.

LORD, to his Peace-procuring Blood
With chearful Hope we fly,
That, ſprinkled with its ſacred Drops,
Thy Sword may paſs us by:

IV.

Faith in thy Son is thy Command,
That Faith, O LORD, beſtow,
That we, releas'd from Guilt and Fear,
Thy bliſsful Smiles may know!

XIII. *The good Paſtor deſcribed, and his pious Views repreſented.*

Common Metre.

I.

THE Knowledge of celeſtial Truth,
Th' Experience of its Pow'r,
The Beauties of an holy Life
Improving ev'ry Hour,

II.

Theſe are the Objects that engage
A pious Paſtor's Care
For his beloved Flock, and theſe
Employ his conſtant Care:

III.

Not all the boaſted Charms that Wealth,
Or Grandeur can impart,
Like growing Holineſs and Grace
Can ſo delight his Heart.

IV.

By theſe Saints glorify their God,
By theſe they bleſs Mankind,
By theſe amidſt ſurrounding Woes
Unſhaken Joys they find.

V.

True Holineſs in Heart and Life
Prepares us for the Skies,
Hence faithful Shepherds watch their Flocks,
And hence their Pray'rs ariſe.

VI.

Rejoice, ye Churches of the Lord,
To whom ſuch Guides are giv'n;
They feed your Souls with heav'nly Food,
And aid your Way to Heav'n:

VII.

And you, their Paſtors, never ceaſe
Your Labours or your Pray'rs;
Immortal Crowns to deck your Brows
The Prince of Life prepares.

VIII.

To the Mount *Zion* where He dwells
You and your Flocks ſhall come,
And there enjoy in boundleſs Bliſs
Your everlaſting Home.

IX.

Meantime, Great God, with Bleſſings crown
The Guardians of thy Sheep,
And ev'ry Keeper of thy Fold
In thy Protection keep!

XIV. *A Paſtor's ſacred Wiſh for the holy Lives, and everlaſting Happineſs of his People.*

Long Metre.

I.

MY Brethren, from my Heart belov'd,
Whoſe Welfare fills my daily Care,
My preſent Joy, my future Crown,
The Word of Exhortation hear:

II.

Stand faſt upon the ſolid Rock
Of the Redeemer's Righteouſneſs,
Adorn the Goſpel with your Lives,
And practiſe what your Lips profeſs:

III.

With Pleaſure meditate the Hour,
When He, deſcending from the Skies,
Shall bid your Bodies, mean and vile,
In his all-glorious Image riſe.

IV.

Glory in his dear, honour'd Name,
To him inviolably cleave;
Your All He purchas'd by his Blood,
Nor let him leſs than All receive.

V.

Such is your Paſtor's faithful Charge,
Whoſe Soul deſires not yours, but You:
O may He at the Lord's Right-Hand
Himſelf and all his People view!

XV. JESUS *the all-powerful, merciful, and unchangeable Friend of his People.*

Common Metre.

I.

SEE the incarnate Son of GOD
The Sinner's Friend appear,
Obſervant of each Sigh, and Groan,
And ev'ry falling Tear:

II.

Omnipotent to help and ſave
He will ſecure his Saints,
And with the tendereſt Love regard
Their Conflicts and Complaints:

III.

With Pow'r and Mercy infinite
His Faithfulneſs combines;
No Change ſhall alter, and no Foes
Shall fruſtrate his Deſigns.

IV.

The deareſt Friendſhips here below
Muſt leave us when we die,
CHRIST is our Friend through Life, and Death
And through Eternity:

V.

When the refulgent Orbs on high
Are quench'd in endleſs Night,
Jeſus, their Sun, ſhall round his Saints
Diffuſe eternal Light,

XVI. *On the Dedication of our Infants to* GOD.

Long Metre.

I.

LORD, at thy Footſtool we preſent
The Children thou to us has lent;
Look down propitious from thy Throne,
Accept and bleſs them as thine own:

II.

Poſſeſs their Spirits with thy Grace,
Make them an holy, heavenly Race,
Prepar'd by a celeſtial Birth
To glorify their GOD on Earth,

III.

Or in their early Days to riſe,
And take their Manſions in the Skies
To be in thy full Viſion bleſs'd,
Of Joys ineffable poſſeſs'd.

XVII. *Death a Bleſſing to a true Chriſtian.*

Long Metre.

I.

CHriſtian, ſurvey the Gains of Death:
The Moment thou reſign'ſt thy Breath,
All thy long Scene of Woes is paſt,
The roaring Wave, and ſtormy Blaſt:

II.

Satan no more ſhall throw his Dart,
No longer Sin afflict thine Heart:
Thou ſhalt behold with ſweet Surprize
Grace into full-grown Glory riſe:

III.

Joys upon Joys a countleſs Train
Through all Eternity ſhall reign,
Thy God his ſmiling Face diſplays,
And not one Cloud obſcures his Rays:

IV.

Then pleas'd, O Chriſtian, meet the Day
That ſhall ſtrike off thy Bonds of Clay,
And give thy mounting Soul to fly
Triumphant to the Realms on high.

XVIII. *On the dreadful Storm in the Night of* Dec. 31, 1778.

Common Metre.

I.

ALmighty God, whoſe boundleſs Pow'r
The Univerſe has made,
Moulded the Earth, effus'd the Floods,
And Heav'n's wide Arch diſplay'd;

II.

The Elements at thy Command
Thy Love or Wrath fulfil,
All wing'd, all ardent to perform
The Orders of thy Will.

III.

Winds, that oft breathe in gentle Gales,
And in ſoft Murmurs play,
In ſudden Sounds of Terror riſe,
And pale us with Diſmay:

IV.

With what amazing ſovereign Force
They ruſh'd along the Skies,
Shook ev'ry Roof, ſtruck ev'ry Heart
With Trembling and Surprize?

V.

But Thou haſt check'd their roaring Rage,
And ſav'd us from our Fear,
And we before Thee, Gracious GOD,
To bleſs thy Name appear.

VI.

Accept our Thanks, and may the Lives
Which Thou afreſh haſt giv'n
Be one perpetual Sacrifice
Of grateful Praiſe to Heav'n.

VII.

And, O, when thy Almighty Wrath
Shall, like a Whirlwind, riſe,
And ſweep the Wicked down to Hell,
As Chaff in Tempeſts flies,

VIII.

May we be all ſecure in Thee,
While Vengeance reigns abroad,
And find amidſt diſſolving Worlds
A Refuge in our GOD!

XIX. *The Conſtituents of Prayer deſcribed.*

Common Metre.

I.

PRAY'R is the Offering our Deſires
Before th' Almighty's Throne;
Creatures it leaves, it ſpurns behind
To ſeek his Face alone:

II.

But we muſt limit our Deſires
To what our GOD approves,
Plead only for *Immanuel*'s Sake,
For him He hears and loves.

III.

Let penitential Grief and Shame
Through our Addreſſes run,
While at his Foot we own ourſelves
Unholy and undone:

IV.

Yet with Confeſſion of our Sins
Let thankful Honours join,
For, breaking from the Clouds of Guilt,
The Beams of Mercy ſhine.

V.

Let Pray'rs of theſe Ingredients mix'd
Our future Days employ,
Till all is one unmingled Praiſe,
One everlaſting Joy.

XX. *The Harmony of the divine Attributes in the Redemption of Sinners by* JESUS CHRIST.

Common Metre.

I.

GREAT GOD, the Glories of thy *Truth*
In Man's Salvation ſhine:
All thy dread Curſes are fulfill'd
Denounc'd by Doom divine:

II.

Thy *Juſtice* too in *Jeſus'* Death,
When in our Place He ſtood,
Inſcribes its Praiſe in vengeful Flame,
And Characters of Blood:

III.

Nor leſs illuſtrious is thy *Pow'r*,
That changes ſinful Hearts,
And to the Souls, where Darkneſs reigns,
Celeſtial Day imparts:

IV.

But how ſuperlative thy *Love*
That laid Redemption's Plan,
And gave thine only Son to Death
To purchaſe Life for Man!

V.

Meantime amidſt th' harmonious Blaze
Of Attributes divine
How does thy Wiſdom, Glorious GOD,
In equal Luſtre ſhine?

VI.

To Thee *Almighty*, *Holy*, *True*,
Gracious, and *Wiſe*, be giv'n
Immortal Praiſe by all on Earth,
And all the Choirs of Heav'n.

XXI. *The*

XXI. *The Life and Joys of the Chriſtian.*

Common Metre.

I.

CHildren of God, and Heirs of Heav'n,
We look to future Things,
And from theſe vain, theſe dying Scenes
Aſcend on joyful Wings:

II.

Upwards our eager Spirits fly
To the bright Worlds above;
There dwells the God whom we adore,
And there the Man we love.

III.

Pardon, and Peace, a Glimpſe of Heav'n,
A Likeneſs, Lord, to Thee,
Fill our Deſires: theſe are the Dawn
Of full Felicity:

IV.

Let others boaſt abounding Stores
Of Corn, and Oil, and Wine,
A ſmiling God is all I aſk:
O let me feel thee mine!

XXII. *Plead-*

XXII. *Pleading with* God *under Affliction.*

Common Metre.

I.

TO Thee, my God, whoſe Preſence fills
The Earth, and Seas, and Skies;
To Thee, whoſe Name, whoſe Heart is Love,
With all my Pow'rs I riſe:

II.

Troubles in long Succeſſion roll,
Wave ruſhes upon Wave;
Pity, O pity my Diſtreſs,
Thy Child, thy Suppliant ſave!

III.

O bid the roaring Tempeſt ceaſe,
Or give me Strength to bear
Whate'er thy holy Will appoints,
And ſave me from Deſpair!

IV.

To Thee, my God, alone I look,
On Thee alone confide:
Thou never haſt deceiv'd the Soul,
That on thy Grace rely'd:

V.

Though oft thy Ways are wrapt in Clouds
Myſterious and unknown,
Truth, Righteouſneſs, and Mercy ſtand
The Pillars of thy Throne.

XXIII. *Praiſe to* GOD *for ſpiritual and eternal Bleſſings in* JESUS CHRIST.

Common Metre.

I.

Juſtification! joyful Sound!
What a rich Gift of Heav'n
To ſtand accepted with our GOD,
Our ev'ry Crime forgiv'n!

II.

Adoption! What a glorious Grant,
How full of Bliſs divine,
That we out-caſt, exil'd, among
The Sons of GOD ſhould ſhine!

III.

Regeneration! Bleſt Effect
Of mingled Pow'r and Grace,
That to the Image of our GOD
Reſtores our ruin'd Race!

IV.

How great the Love that in theſe Souls,
Where Night and Horrors dwelt,
Peace ſhould diffuſe its ſmiling Ray,
And *heav'nly Joys* be felt!

V.

But O how infinite the Grace,
That o'er Eternity
Extends the Beams of bliſsful Light,
And gilds th' unbounded Sea!

VI.

Thou GOD and Father of our LORD,
Theſe Gifts to Thee we owe,
While through the Merits of thy Son
Th' immortal Bleſſings flow.

XXIV. *The Works of Providence and the Wonders of Grace*, or *the natural and moral Sun compared* *.

As the 148th Pſalm.

I.

THE Heav'ns, Almighty LORD,
Through all their wond'rous Frame
Thy Pow'r and Skill record,
And propagate thy Fame,
And Day to Day,
And Night to Night,
With new Delight
Thy Praiſe convey.

II.

In ev'ry Speech and Tongue
The various Nations uſe
By them thy Name is ſung,
Thy Glories they diffuſe;
To Earth's laſt Shore
They ſtretch their Line,
In Strains divine
Their GOD adore.

III.

There too pavilion'd high
In Light the Maker plac'd
The Sun with Time to fly
Acroſs the azure Waſte:
He climbs his Way,
As from his Rooms
Some Bridegroom comes
Profuſely gay;

* Part of the Hymn is verſified from Pſalm xix. 1—17.

IV.

Or as to run his Courſe
Some mighty Hero ſtarts,
And, conſcious of his Force,
Swift from the Barrier darts,
So from the Eaſt
Aloft he ſprings,
With ample Wings
Of Glory dreſs'd.

V.

See from Earth's utmoſt Bound
His living Luſtres riſe,
Traverſe th' ethereal Round,
And ſet in weſtern Skies;
With Rays replete
Where'er He goes
All Nature glows
Beneath his Heat.

VI.

But what this wond'rous Light
To that the Goſpel brings,
Where *Jeſus* ſhines to Sight,
With Grace beneath his Wings!
O Sun ſupreme,
What Terror flies,
What Anguiſh dies
Before thy Beam!

VII.

Not for the Body's Weal
Wert Thou in Mercy giv'n,
But that our Souls might feel
The Life and Joys of Heav'n:

Thy

Thy ſovereign Ray
Can ſwift diſpel
Of Death and Hell
The Glooms away.

VIII.

O may thy Smile benign
Irradiate all our Souls!
Then, charg'd with Wrath divine,
Should Thunder rend the Poles,
Safe in thy Love
No dire Alarms,
Not Worlds in Arms
Our Minds could move.

IX.

Should Heav'n's refulgent Train
Be all extinct in Night,
Should not the Sun retain
One Spark of all his Light,
If Thou but ſhine,
We are the Heirs,
Through boundleſs Years,
Of Bliſs divine.

X.

In the fair Climes above,
Where Saints and Seraphs raiſe
To everlaſting Love
Th' eternal Song of Praiſe,
Thy Ray ſerene
Supremely bright
With endleſs Light
Inveſts the Scene.

XI.

When we are thither come,
All paſt this painful Way,
By Thee brought ſafely Home,
How loud ſhall ſound the Lay!
" O LORD, receive
" Through all Heav'n's Days
" The nobleſt Praiſe
" Our Souls can give.

XII.

" To Thee, who ſav'd'ſt our Race,
" When on Hell's Brink we ſtood,
" And didſt our Guilt efface
" By thine atoning Blood,
" That as it pour'd
" Adown thy Side
" Its purple Tide
" For Grace implor'd;

XIII.

" To Thee, who gav'ſt us Right,
" Array'd in Robes divine,
" Before thy Father's Sight
" As Prieſts and Kings to ſhine,
" Be Glory giv'n
" In endleſs Song
" By ev'ry Tongue
" In Earth and Heav'n."

XXV. *Meditating on the Croſs of* CHRIST.

Long Metre.

I.

SEE on the Mount of *Calvary*
Upon a Croſs ſuſpended high
A wretched Sufferer cover'd o'er
With Shame, and weltering in his Gore.

II.

Is this the Son, the Sent of GOD
To rule the Nations with his Rod?
This the predicted Sun, that brings
Life and Salvation on his Wings?

III.

Is this the Saviour long foretold
To uſher in the Age of Gold?
To make the Reign of Sorrow ceaſe,
And bind the jarring World in Peace?

IV.

'Tis He, 'tis He. He kindly ſhrouds
His Glories in a Night of Clouds,
That Souls might from their Ruin riſe,
And heir th' unperiſhable Skies.

V.

See to their Refuge and their Reſt,
From all the Bonds of Guilt releas'd,
Tranſgreſſors to his Croſs repair,
And find a full Redemption there.

VI.

JESUS, what Millions of our Race
Have been the Triumphs of thy Grace,
And Millions more to Thee ſhall fly,
And on thy Sacrifice rely?

VII.

That Tree, that Curſe-empoiſon'd Tree,
Which prov'd a bloody Rack to Thee,
Shall in the nobleſt Bleſſings ſhoot,
And fill the Nations with its Fruit.

VIII.

The Sorrow, Shame, and Death were thine,
And all the Stores of Wrath divine,
Ours are the Glory, Life, and Bliſs:
What Love can be compar'd to This.

XXVI. *Praiſe to* GOD *for Support in dangerous Illneſs, and the near Views of a Diſſolution.*

Long Metre.

I.

TO Thee, my GOD, my thankful Heart
Prepares a Song of ſacred Praiſe,
With heav'nly Flame my Breaſt inſpire,
And half-divine ſhall be the Lays:

II.

Though for a while thy Wrath may low'r
In gloomy Horrors round the Mind,
Yet Mercy ſoon diſpels the Storm,
And a ſweet Sunſhine ſmiles behind:

III.

This Heart of thy paternal Care
A dear Memorial ſhall be made,
There Love ſhall deep inſcribe this Praiſe,
"*Jehovah* was my preſent Aid."

IV. Whe

IV.

When ev'ry Vein was liquid Flame,
When Death approach'd with hideous Mien,
Behind when vaſt Eternity
Unfolded its amazing Scene,

V.

How could my Soul, in this dread Hour,
Of Calms and Comforts been poſſeſs'd,
Had not a gracious GOD been nigh,
And ev'ry raging Fear ſuppreſs'd?

VI.

'Twas thine own Work, Almighty LORD,
To Thee eternal Thanks belong:
Life's ev'ry Hour ſhall tell thy Love,
And Heav'n immortalize the Song.

XXVII. *The Return of the Spring celebrated as the powerful and gracious Work of* GOD.

Short Metre.

I.

FROM Winter's barren Clods,
From Winter's joyleſs Waſte,
The Spring in ſudden Youth appears,
With blooming Beauty grac'd.

II.

How balmy is the Air!
How warm the ſolar Beams!
And to refreſh the Ground the Rains
Deſcend in gentle Streams.

III.

Great GOD, at thy Command
Seaſons in Order riſe;
Thy Pow'r and Love in Concert reign
Through Earth, and Seas, and Skies:

IV.

With grateful Praiſe we own
Thy providential Hand,
While Graſs for Kine, and Herb and Corn
For Men enrich the Land:

V.

But greater ſtill the Gift
Of thine incarnate Son,
By him Forgiveneſs, Peace, and Joy
Through endleſs Ages run.

XXVIII. *Truſt in* GOD *only.*

Short Metre.

I.

NOT to an Idol-God
Of Wood, or Stone, or Gold
Will we direct the Voice of Pray'r,
And our Diſtreſs unfold.

II.

Jehovah is our GOD,
Whoſe Being ne'er begun,
And through Duration's endleſs Line
His endleſs Days ſhall run.

III.

Father of Lights and Bliſs,
No Change thy Nature knows,
While round thy firm, unſhaken Throne
Creation ebbs and flows:

IV.

Ocean, and Earth, and Skies,
And Hell's Abyſs of Night
With thine eternal Preſence fill'd
Are open to thy Sight:

V.

Omnipotent art Thou,
And at thy ſovereign Call
From Nothing into Being roſe
This vaſt, this beauteous All.

VI.

Infinite too thy Grace,
In whoſe immenſe Profound
Sins, that like Hills, like Mountains riſe,
Are in Oblivion drown'd.

VII.

We, LORD, to Thee alone
Our Prayers and Praiſes give:
We are thy Work, and not our own,
And by thy Love we live.

XXIX. *The Proſpects of Death, firſt by the* Man, *and afterwards by the* Saint.

Long Metre.

I.

"THE Eyes, that now behold this Form,
" Shall ſoon this Form no longer ſee:
" Only by one dread Glance of thine,
" Great GOD, I ceaſe to breathe and be!

II.

" As the ſwift Cloud, that ſails the Skies,
" Conſumes and vaniſhes away,
" So He who to the Grave deſcends,
" Becomes the Grave's perpetual Prey."

III.

Thus mourns the *Man*. But, hark! the *Saint*
Of endleſs Life and Glory ſings.
" Soon as this Houſe of Clay ſhall fall,
" My Soul to Heav'n ſhall ſpread its Wings;

IV.

" There ſhall I ſee my Father-God,
" See my Redeemer on his Throne,
" See Angels, ſee departed Saints
" In Light divine, and Bliſs unknown.

V.

" What though my Fleſh muſt drop to Duſt,
" Yet CHRIST ſhall raiſe it from the Tomb
" In his own glorious Image dreſs'd,
" And radiant in immortal Bloom.

VI.

" Then where's thy Sting, thou Scorpion Death?
" Or where thy Victory, vaunting Grave?
" Eternal Honours to the King
" Who died, who roſe, who reigns to ſave.

XXX. *View of the ſtarry Heavens.*

Long Metre.

I.

YE Sons of Men, lift up your Eyes,
And trace the Glories of the Skies:
From Eaſt to Weſt, from Pole to Pole,
What Orbs on Orbs unnumber'd roll?

II. All

II.

All know their Place, all keep their Way,
All march in regular Array;
Say, Who has made them? Who ſuſtains,
Who guides them thro' the trackleſs Plains?

III.

'Tis He—the everlaſting God—
Obedient to his ſov'reign Nod
Forth iſſues the nocturnal Hoſt,
And He to each aſſigns his Poſt.

IV.

He calls his Army by their Names,
Arrays them all with Gold and Flames,
And Night to Night his Pow'r diſplays,
And ev'ry Star proclaims his Praiſe.

V.

Inveſting this terreſtrial Globe
Heav'n wide expands its azure Robe,
All o'er emblaz'd, that all may ſee,
Own, and adore a Deity.

XXXI. *Death and its different Conſequents.*

Short Metre.

I.

THE Body and the Soul
Join'd in the cloſeſt Bands,
Shall from their lov'd Embrace be torn,
Whene'er their God commands:

II.

The Body turn'd to Duſt,
To Duſt ſhall be convey'd,
There in long Silence to reſide,
And Death's ſurrounding Shade:

III.

The Soul, with out-ſtretch'd Wings,
To its dread Sov'reign flies,
By his Award to ſink to Hell,
Or to his Heav'ns ariſe:

IV.

Spirit and Fleſh divorc'd
Shall thus divorc'd remain
Till He, the Lord of Life, deſcend,
And form the Bond again.

V.

Rejoin'd, the Bond no more
Shall be aſunder rent,
Immortal both, or to endure
Eternal Puniſhment,

VI.

Or on celeſtial Thrones,
And fill'd with Joys divine
For ever to behold their God,
And in his Likeneſs ſhine.

XXXII. *Pardon and Sanctification in* Christ.

Common Metre.

I.

IS there no Shelter from the Wrath
Of an offended God?
Jeſus, to thy dear Croſs I fly,
Thy Guilt-atoning Blood.

II.

I bleſs that Stream that cries for Peace
From ev'ry bleeding Vein;
Yet is my Soul but half-redeem'd
If Sin the Tyrant reign.

III.

LORD, cruſh his Empire, bid his Throne
From its Foundations fall.
Ye flattering Plagues, that wrought my Death
Fly, for I hate you all.

IV.

Now to the Lamb, whoſe Pow'r and Grace
Lift our bright Hopes to Heav'n,
In Songs above and Songs below
Be endleſs Glory giv'n.

XXXIII. *The heavenly Employment and Bleſſedneſs.*

Long Metre.

I.

THE Saints above from Labour reſt,
From ev'ry Conflict ev'ry Pain?
What Praiſes ſound from all their Tongues!
What Joys through all their Boſoms reign!

II.

No Slumber ſteals upon their Eyes,
No Languor, no Diſeaſe moleſt:
They ſerve their GOD with all their Pow'rs,
For ever in that Service bleſs'd;

III.

For what is Heav'n but the full Beam
Of Love divine upon the Soul,
And the whole Soul return'd in Love,
As the touch'd Needle ſeeks the Pole!

XXXIV. *The Sorrows and Conſolations of the People of* GOD.

Long Metre.

I.

WHAT though our Eyes are drown'd in Tears,
That ſtream, and ſtream thro' all our Years,
Yet, when we reach celeſtial Day,
Our GOD will wipe the Griefs away?

II.

Ev'n in theſe gloomy Vales of Woe
Some Rills of Conſolation flow,
And *Jeſus* ſoon our Souls ſhall bring
To Pleaſure's unexhauſted Spring.

III.

O let theſe Themes our Thoughts employ,
And tune our Lips to Praiſe and Joy;
Pleas'd with the Grace already giv'n,
But more with the bright Views of Heav'n!

XXXV. *Redemption of the World by* JESUS CHRIST.

Long Metre.

I.

HOW wiſe and wonderful the Plan,
Great Gracious GOD, in ſaving Man?
Thy Son deſcends from Heav'n, and dies
Our Sin-atoning Sacrifice:

II. Thu

II.

Thus is thy awful Juſtice ſhown,
Thus arm'd with Plagues and Pangs unknown
The Curſe is on *Immanuel* hurl'd,
The Ranſom of a guilty World:

III.

Thy Law fulfill'd, thy Wrath appeas'd,
Thou with Tranſgreſſors art well pleas'd,
And Rebels are accounted juſt,
Who in the Saviour's Merits truſt.

IV.

Mercy and Righteouſneſs divine
In undivided Glory ſhine;
A Rainbow, full of Grace ſerene,
Circling th' eternal Throne is ſeen.

XXXVI. *Submiſſion to the Divine Will.*

Long Metre.

I.

WELL knows my Soul, All-glorious LORD,
From thy Perfections, and thy Word,
And from thy Saints Experience too
That all thy Ways are juſt and true:

II.

Though Night involves thy Footſteps round,
Though none can thy deep Counſels ſound,
Yet all hereafter ſhall confeſs
The Glories of thine Holineſs.

III.

Well too, Eternal King, I know
That all the Griefs I undergo
Are the Appointments of my GOD,
That kind and faithful is thy Rod.

IV.

O may I never never faint,
Nor dare to utter one Complaint!
All that Thou doſt is good and right,
Though veil'd awhile from human Sight.

V.

Let this alone be my Concern,
Thy whole preceptive Will to learn,
And to thy Providence ſubmit;
Then be my Lot what Heav'n thinks fit!

XXXVII. *The Requiſites in the Miniſters of the Goſpel the ſame with thoſe of the Prieſts under the Law.*

Common Metre.

I.

AARON the Prieſt of GOD became
By Orders from the LORD,
And we muſt firſt receive his Call
Before we preach his Word.

II.

Ointments in Fragrancy were pour'd
Upon the High-prieſt's Head:
Spirit Divine, upon our Souls
Thy richer Unction ſhed!

III.

T' avert th' impending Storms of Wrath
The Prieſts beſought the Skies;
"LORD, ſave my Charge from Sin and Hell,"
The Goſpel-Paſtor cries.

IV. Be-

IV.

Before the Oracle of GOD
Aaron with Incenſe came;
O may our Souls keep near the Throne,
And feed Devotion's Flame!

V.

As Holineſs to Heav'n inſcrib'd
The High-prieſt's honour'd Brow,
Around our Lives let Grace divine
Celeſtial Radiance throw!

VI.

The Names of *Jacob*'s numerous Tribes
Were worn on *Aaron*'s Breaſt;
With cordial Kindneſs for our Flocks
Be all our Souls poſſeſs'd!

VII.

The Prieſts preſented *Iſrael*'s Gifts,
And Victims to the LORD;
In others Names as in our own
Our GOD muſt be ador'd.

VIII.

In Trouble the High-prieſt of GOD
Mourn'd not as others did;
And let our holy Function too
Immoderate Griefs forbid!

IX.

The Prieſt toward his Fellow-Men
With ſtrong Compaſſion glow'd,
Enlighten'd Ignorance, and taught
The erring Soul its Road;

X.

And Miniſters in Goſpel-days
Should equal Pity feel,
And to illuminate and guide
Awake their heav'nly Zeal.

XI.

As the High-prieſt his Office bore
Till Death ſeal'd up his Eyes,
Let Paſtors feed and watch their Flocks
Till to the Heav'ns they riſe!

XXXVIII. *Obedience inferred from the Obligations we are under to* GOD *as our Creator and Preſerver.*

Long Metre.

I.

GOD is the Author of our Frame:
He kindled this ſeraphic Flame,
And on this deſpicable Clod
Has ſtamp'd the Wonders of a GOD.

II.

How marvellous theſe Thoughts that riſe,
And ſtretch their Pinions through the Skies!
Reaſon, and Choice, and Conſcience join
To prove our Origin divine.

III.

Shall not the GOD who gave to Men
Thoſe Pow'rs, receive his own again
In all Obedience, Love, and Praiſe,
Till Time has meaſur'd out their Days?

IV.

But how have we our Pow'rs abus'd,
Subjection to our GOD refus'd,
Aſunder broke his gracious Bands,
And trampled on his kind Commands?

V. What

V.

What Guilt and Puniſhment are ours?
Over our Heads Deſtruction low'rs,
Who ſhall avert, or who ſuſtain
The Vengeance of eternal Pain?

VI.

In deep Abaſement at thy Feet
We, LORD, for pardoning Grace entreat,
Through the Atonement of thy Son,
Wo dy'd for Treaſons we have done.

VII.

How true, how welcome is the News
To Guilty *Gentiles*, guilty *Jews*,
That CHRIST to ſave Delinquents came,
Endur'd our Anguiſh, and our Shame?

XXXIX. *The All-ſufficiency of* GOD *the only Reſt and Solace of the Soul.*

Long Metre.

I.

THE brighteſt Forms of Bliſs below
Are but an unſubſtantial Show,
Meteors that glance and die away,
Or ſplendid Pageants of a Day:

II.

Then in the LORD let us rejoice,
Make him our Guardian, Guide, and Choice,
In him our Life, our Light are found,
When Death and Darkneſs reign around.

III. As

III.

As Sparks mount up to meet the Sun,
As Waters to the Ocean run,
So let our Souls ſeek their Delight
In boundleſs Pow'r, and boundleſs Might.

IV.

Our Souls immeaſurable Wings,
Stretch far beyond all mortal Things,
Nor can they be compleatly bleſs'd
Till of Infinitude poſſeſs'd.

XL. *Spiritual Activity urged from the ſwift Flight of Time.*

Common Metre.

I.

NOT half ſo ſwift the kindled Wheel
Down ruſhes on the Goal,
Not half ſo ſwift the Light'ning ſhoots
Its Flames from Pole to Pole,

II.

As *Time*'s impetuous Pinions drive
To reach *Eternity*,
To be ingulft, whence firſt he roſe,
In that unbounded Sea:

III.

But do we with his Flight keep Pace,
Or, while he ſpeeds his Way,
Are we ſcarce half alive to GOD,
And ſlumb'ring in Delay?

IV.

Rouſe, rouſe, our Souls, ſhake off your Sloth:
What ſhall the rolling Spheres
Without new Zeal, new Duties done,
Hurry away our Years?

V.

O may our God, for *Jesus'* Sake,
In his unbounded Grace
Our paſt Neglects, our Waſte of Life,
And all our Crimes efface!

VI.

Then on us ſhed his Influence down,
And heav'nly Life inſpire;
Not creeping Worms, not groveling Moles,
But Spirits wing'd with Fire.

VII.

In a ſhort Space, if well improv'd,
What Service may be done?
In one ſhort Day what Rays are ſhed
By one revolving Sun?

VIII.

Watch, labour, ſtrive with rapid *Time*
To hold an equal Pace;
Live to your God each Day, each Hour,
And Heav'n ſhall crown your Race.

IX.

See *Paul* commiſſion'd from above,
Like a ſeraphic Flame,
Celeſtial Light, celeſtial Heat
Diffuſe where'er he came:

X.

But more ſee God's incarnate Son
Unwearied to fulfil
The arduous Work his Father gave,
And finiſh all his Will.

XI.

Let Duties, a well-order'd Train,
A bright and bliſsful Scene
Fill up the Remnant of our Lives
Without a Blank between.

XLI. *The People of* GOD *happy in him here and hereafter.*

Long Metre.

I.

IN all the Troubles of his Saints
Their GOD attends to their Complaints;
His Spirit breathing through his Word
Shall Life, and Strength, and Joy afford:

II.

Things that appear adverſe and ill
Shall their divineſt Wiſh fulfil;
And Paths perplex'd, and croſſing Lines
Accompliſh Heav'n's benign Deſigns.

III.

But, O, what endleſs Pleaſures wait
Their Entrance on the heav'nly State,
When, freed from their encumb'ring Clod,
They ſhall aſcend, and ſee their GOD!

IV.

Such is the Bleſſedneſs aſſign'd
To ev'ry holy, heav'n-born Mind:
Such be our Characters, that we
May ſhare the ſame Felicity!

V.

As to our GOD ourſelves we owe,
So from his Source our Bliſs muſt flow;
He ſmiles, and all is heav'nly Light;
He frowns, and all is rayleſs Night.

XLII. *Plead-*

XLII. *Pleading with* GOD *for pardoning and renewing Grace.*

Common Metre.

I.

LORD, we are Sinners in thy Sight,
Tranſgreſſors of thy Laws,
Nor dare we to our Innocence
Preſume to truſt our Cauſe:

II.

Thy Curſe deep thunders o'er our Heads,
And ſounds its dire Alarms;
And where's the Worm prepar'd to meet
Omnipotence in Arms?

III.

But where Iniquity abounds,
Still more abounds thy Grace
Through the dear Perſon of thy Son,
The Saviour of our Race.

IV.

Stretch forth thine Hand, Almighty Love,
Repeat thy Deeds of Fame,
And ſnatch the Brands to Ruin doom'd
From the devouring Flame;

V.

Then graft them, quick'ned by thy Pow'r,
Into the Stock divine,
To flouriſh in immortal Life,
In endleſs Beauties ſhine.

VI.

Wonders have been by Thee perform'd,
Freſh Wonders Thou can'ſt do,
Theſe Wonders on thoſe Souls of ours,
All-gracious GOD, renew:

VII.

Thus ſhall we in our grateful Songs
Employ our future Days,
And through a bleſs'd Eternity
Eternal Anthems raiſe.

XLIII. *Reconciling and comfortable Thoughts on the Deaths of pious Relatives.*

Long Metre.

I.

FAR as the Heav'n's above the Earth,
And to return to us no more,
Our pious Relatives are gone,
Safe landed on the heav'nly Shore.

II.

LORD, with thy ſuff'ring Saint of old
We to thy ſovereign Will reſign,
"Thou gav'ſt, and thou haſt ſnatch'd away,
"Let Bleſſing crown the Name divine."

III.

But why ſhould we lament their Flight
Triumphant to the Realms above?
Tempted, diſtreſs'd no more, they dwell
In endleſs Joy, and endleſs Love.

IV.

Their GOD, their Saviour they behold
Without a Veil in Light unknown,
They drink th' untroubled Stream of Life
Pure as it riſes from the Throne.

V.

O let us rather charge our Souls
To trace the holy Paths they trod,
Till we ſhall hear the Summons too,
That calls us to our Heav'n and GOD!

VI.

There we ſhall join the Friends who dy'd
In *Jeſus*, and ſhall part no more;
No Storms diſturb that happy Clime,
No Billows break againſt that Shore.

VII.

What Peace and Harmony are there,
What Raptures, what triumphal Songs?
Their Love, their Praiſe, their Joy the ſame
Amidſt ten thouſand thouſand Tongues.

XLIV. *Death enlightened*, or *the Happineſs of a Removal from Earth to Heaven.*

Common Metre.

I.

A Chriſtian, while he ſojourns here,
Is abſent from his God,
And to the Earth in Bondage held
By this encumb'ring Clod:

II.

But when he drops theſe Clogs of Clay,
Away the Spirit flies
Home to its God, by Angel-Guards
Conducted to the Skies:

III.

Soon as arriv'd the Heav'n of Heav'ns,
High on his glorious Throne
He ſees his Father Face to Face
In Light and Love unknown:

IV.

Then let th' appointed Hour of Death
Be view'd without a Fear,
That leads our Souls to Life and Bliſs
Unknown, unkindled here.

V.

Shall the young Minor wiſh the Day
When he arrives at Age,
And ſhall not Heav'n's immortal Joys
Our nobler Hopes engage?

XLV. *Thanks to* GOD *for his providential Goodneſs.*

Common Metre.

I.

O Thou my Father, and my GOD,
From whom my Being came,
This Body moſt divinely wrought,
This Soul, an heav'nly Flame:

II.

Through the Succeſſion of my Days
What Bleſſings haſt Thou giv'n?
And ev'ry ſwift-wing'd Moment flew
Crown'd with ſome Gift of Heav'n.

III.

How have I walk'd beneath the Shield
Of thine Omnipotence?
Midſt burning Suns, and ſickly Moons
My Succour and Defence.

IV.

For all theſe Mercies, gracious GOD,
My humble Thanks receive,
And ſince I owe my All to Thee,
To Thee my All I give.

V.

Thou art my Light, my Life, my Reſt,
My Portion, and my Choice,
The Fountain of my preſent Bliſs,
And everlaſting Joys.

XLVI. *The Soul prepared for Death and Eternity.*

Long Metre.

I.

AND would you be prepar'd to die?——
Each Day be humbled for your Sin,
The numerous Errors of your Lives,
And the ſtill bubbling Source within:

II.

Each Day with holy Confidence
Intruſt your Souls to *Jeſus'* Care,
And pour his Name, like rich Perfume,
O'er all your Praiſe, and all your Pray'r:

III.

In ev'ry Sphere, in ev'ry Scene
Let Heav'n be own'd and glorify'd,
In all your worldly Schemes and Cares
And Labours with your GOD abide:

IV.

Think on the rapid Flight of Time,
Think of the awful Bar of GOD,
Think of the World of Bliſs or Woe,
Your ſure unchangeable Abode:

V.

Examine well your State within,
Feel how Devotion's Pulſes beat,
Or labouring, languiſhing, and ſlow,
Or glowing with celeſtial Heat:

VI.

Each Morn each Evening read the Word,
Each Morn each Evening praiſe and pray,
And let a freſh Converſe with Heav'n
Bleſs the young Dawn, and cloſe the Day:

VII.

Thus will you be prepar'd to go
At the firſt Call, and wing your Flight
From Earth, where Pains and Poiſons grow,
To Realms of infinite Delight.

XLVII. *The Graces of the Spirit in the Hearts of Chriſtians compared to the Flowers and Fruits of the Earth.*

Long Metre.

I.

BEHOLD what Flow'rs and Fruits appear
When Heav'n has ſown th' immortal Seed;
Love, Joy, and Peace, like Cluſters riſe,
Where grew the noxious Thorn and Weed:

II.

Long-Suffering, like the *Palm* oppreſs'd,
Beneath its Burdens, ſtronger grows,
And *Clemency* and *Goodneſs* ſhed
Their Odours ſweeter than the *Roſe*.

III.

Sincerity, like *Lillies*, blows,
And *Meekneſs*, like the *Myrtle-Groves*,
While *Temperance*, like the *Vine*, appears,
When by its Pruning it improves.

IV.

O may theſe Graces ſtrike their Roots
In all our Hearts, and bloom, and thrive,
And from thy Influence, Gracious GOD,
Perpetual Life and Strength derive!

V.

Againſt theſe Qualities divine
No Law is fram'd, no Curſe prepar'd:
The Promiſe of the preſent Life,
And Life to come their rich Reward.

XLVIII. *The Gleams of divine Mercy amidst the overspreading Clouds of Sin and Sorrow in our World.*

Short Metre.

I.

SEE Millions of Mankind
Wrapt in *Egyptian* Night
Without one faint, one glimm'ring Glance
Of evangelic Light!

II.

See countless Myriads more
With *Popish* Glooms o'erspread,
That blot the Day, and all around
Empoison'd Vapours shed!

III.

See where the Gospel comes
And pours its purest Ray,
Thousands reject the Truth and Grace,
And choose the downward Way!

IV.

What Miseries sweep along
Resistless, unconfin'd,
Pale Famine, Pestilence, and War
In Leagues of Death combin'd!

V.

But 'midst this mournful Scene
Some Beams of Comfort shine,
Still, still our guilty Globe can boast
A Progeny divine!

VI.

The *Popiſh* Babel ſhakes,
And totters to its Fall,
Through *Indian* Wilds the Goſpel ſounds,
And Souls obey the Call.

VII.

LORD, through the ſpacious Earth
Let the glad Tidings run
Till all by *thine Anointed* bleſs'd
Are to his Standard won:

VIII.

Then ſhall the gloomy Reign
Of Sin and Sorrow ceaſe,
And thine own Kingdom fill the World
With Piety and Peace.

XLIX. *The Love of* CHRIST.

Short Metre.

I.

WE ſing *Immanuel*'s Love
That pitied wretched Man,
Delighted in the Thoughts of Peace
Ere Time or Worlds began:

II.

We ſee its ſmiling Rays
Outbreaking at its Birth,
And trace its Reign from Day to Day,
While He ſojourn'd on Earth:

III.

But in his cloſing Scene
How infinite his Grace,
When whelm'd beneath the Curſe, He dy'd
To ſave our ruin'd Race!

IV. Re-

IV.

Refulgent from the Tomb
What Beams of Mercy ſhine!
His Reſurrection, dying Saint,
The certain Pledge of thine:

V.

And now He prays and pleads
By all his Scars of Love
That the dear Flock for whom He bled
May reach the Realms above.

IV.

There ſafe arriv'd at length,
Their GOD they ſhall enjoy
In Pleaſures which no Age can waſte,
Nor Foes, nor Fears deſtroy?

VII.

Ten thouſand thouſand Songs
With the firſt Seraph's Flame
Sink far below th' unbounded Praiſe
Due to *Immanuel*'s Name.

L. *The Bleſſing of* GOD *implored upon a Chriſtian Church.*

Long Metre.

I.

IN Thee, thou All-ſufficient GOD,
The Springs of Happineſs ariſe,
That cheer this howling Waſte below,
And bleſs the Manſions of the Skies:

II.

We, the Productions of thy Pow'r,
And Penſioners upon thy Love,
Look to thy Throne with longing Eyes,
And wait thy Bleſſings from above:

III.

Protect the *Young* from ev'ry Snare,
And let thy Staff ſupport the *Old*,
Relieve the *Poor*, nor let the *Rich*
Have all their Heritage in Gold:

IV.

Let *joyful Saints* ſtill taſte thy Grace,
Give to the *Mourners* heav'nly Day,
Suſtain the *Strong*, and quick revive
The withering Plants from their Decay!

LI. *Deſires for Increaſe of Grace.*

A Sacramental Hymn.

Common Metre.

I.

COME, Lord, and breathe thy quick'ning
O'er ev'ry languid Breaſt, [Gales
Let Faith and Hope ſpread wide their Sails,
And eye the Land of Reſt:

II.

Let *filial Fear* poſſeſs the Heart,
And *Love* enlarge the Soul,
Hatred to Sin renew its Flames,
And *ſacred Sorrows* roll:

III.

Nor let a Taſte of *heav'nly Joy*
Be to thy Gueſts deny'd:
O lead us by the peaceful Brink
Where living Waters glide!

IV.

Thus ſhall we yield ourſelves to Thee,
Nor break the ſolemn Vow;
Thy loyal, duteous Subjects We,
Our gracious Sovereign Thou.

LII. *Foretaſtes of Heaven deſired at the Table of our* LORD.

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

Long Metre.

I.

BEHOLD the LORD a Feaſt prepare,
And Sinners may the Bleſſings ſhare:
His broken Body is our Food,
Our Drink his Soul-enliv'ning Blood.

II.

Our Crimes o'erwhelm us with Diſtreſs,
But ſtill we hope to find Redreſs
From that dear wounded Side, that ran
In Streams of Life for dying Man.

III.

Here we partake the outward Sign,
Grant us, O LORD, the Joy divine,
And let each Soul, that ſeeks thy Grace,
This Day behold thy ſmiling Face!

IV.

While Myriads drink with Bliſs unknown
The Pleaſures flowing from thy Throne,
Let their own GOD and ours beſtow
Some Drops to chear his Saints below.

V.

So *Iſrael* in the barren Waſte
Of *Canaan*'s Grapes enjoy'd a Taſte,
While *Paleſtina*'s happy Ground
Was with a thouſand Vineyards crown'd.

LIII. *Redemption by* CHRIST *acknowledged and celebrated.*

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

Long Metre.

I.

JESUS, we meet around thy Board,
And thank Thee for this heav'nly Food:
Thy Fleſh immortal Strength affords,
Immortal Joys thy ſtreaming Blood.

II.

Angels admire the wond'rous Grace
To *Adam*'s guilty Offspring ſhown,
And Devils gaze upon the Bliſs,
A Bliſs they cannot call their own:

III.

They from the Realms of endleſs Day
To Hell's tremendous Glooms are hurl'd,
But *Jeſus* riſes on our Night,
And ſends Salvation round our World.

IV.

How ſhall our Hearts conceive this Love?
How ſhall our Tongues expreſs the Praiſe?
Our Thoughts deſpair to reach the Theme,
Too faint the nobleſt Songs we raiſe.

LIV. *Remembering the Death of* CHRIST.

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

Common Metre.

I.

WE broke the righteous Laws of Heav'n,
And dreadful was our Doom,
Sentenc'd to Pains and Terrors here,
And endleſs Woes to come;

II.

But from the bliſsful Realms on high,
The Boſom of our GOD
The Saviour comes, aſſumes our Fleſh,
And ſheds his precious Blood:

III.

Not for Tranſgreſſions of his own
The heav'nly Lover dies,
He dies to expiate our Guilt,
And raiſe us to the Skies.

IV.

This is the Grace which we record,
This Grace we would improve
In willing Service, duteous Zeal,
And hourly Songs of Love.

LV. *Communion with* CHRIST *at his holy Supper.*

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

Long Metre.

I.

LORD, at thy Table we attend,
Feed on thy Bread, and drink the Wine,
Memorials of our abſent Friend,
The Signs and Seals of Love divine:

II.

As Bread recruits when Strength decays,
And Wine revives our fainting Hearts,
Thy Fleſh immortal Life conveys,
Thy Blood immortal Joys imparts.

III.

Thus we the Death of *Jeſus* ſhow,
The Fountain whence our Comforts riſe,
Till He theſe lower Heav'ns ſhall bow,
And ſtoop to take us to the Skies:

IV.

Then ſhall we, riſing from the Duſt,
Admire our GOD, his Grace adore,
Join the bright Millions of the Juſt,
And feel nor Want nor Sorrow more.

LVI. *Com-*

LVI. *Communion with the Body and Blood of* CHRIST *under the Elements of Bread and Wine.*

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

Long Metre.

I.

THE Cup of Bleſſing which we bleſs,
When we our Faith and Hope profeſs
In *Jeſus*, the incarnate Word,
By Saints in Heav'n and Earth ador'd;

II.

Say, is it not th' aſſuring Sign,
The Token ſtamp'd by Love divine,
Of our Communion with the Blood
That o'er his Limbs diffus'd its Flood?

III.

And does not the ſupporting Bread,
By which our waſting Frames are fed,
The Seal of Fellowſhip afford
With the ſlain Body of our LORD?

IV.

Saints through the Elements deſcry
The better Things they ſignify,
Th' Aſſurance of their Sins forgiv'n,
And Earneſts of a future Heav'n.

LVII. *The Covenant of Grace.*

A Sacramental Hymn.

Long Metre.

I.

THE antient Conſtitution broke,
And all its promis'd Bleſſings gone,
We lay unſhelter'd from the Stroke
Of Thunder from th' Almighty's Throne:

II.

But ſee a better Cov'nant fram'd,
And ratify'd in *Jeſus'* Blood,
Where Peace and Pardon are proclaim'd,
And full Acceptance with our God.

III.

"I am your God," the Father ſays,
"I am your Saviour," Christ replies,
"And I will ſhed my vital Grace
"O'er Vales of Death," the Spirit cries.

IV.

Lord, we with Faith, and Love, and Praiſe
Theſe wond'rous Meſſages receive,
And here attend to feel thy Rays,
And here our willing All we give.

LVIII. *A Prayer ſuited to the Aſpects of Providence, and Situation of our Kingdom.*

Compoſed for the Faſt-Day, Feb. 21, 1781.

Common Metre.

I.

ALmighty God, before thy Throne
We bow with ſacred Awe,
Thy Mercies we have long abus'd,
Long trampled on thy Law:

II.

For theſe Rebellions Thou haſt pour'd
Thy various Vengeance down,
And *Britain* faints beneath thy Stroke,
And trembles at thy Frown:

III.

Wide-waſting War, that Wealth and Lives
Inſatiably devours,
Pours its Deſtruction all abroad,
And o'er our Country low'rs:

IV.

Whirlwinds and Storms with boundleſs Rage
Through *Britiſh* Iſlands ſweep *;
Thouſands are in their Homes deſtroy'd,
And Thouſands in the Deep.

V.

The World is but an Heap of Duſt,
Th' Inhabitants but Worms,
And what are Atoms, Worms before
The Thunder of thy Storms?

* *Jamaica* and *Barbados*.

VI.

O let thy awful Vengeance ceaſe,
Quench War's devouring Flame,
Nor let thy Tempeſts riſe again,
Again thy Wrath proclaim!

VII.

With bended Knees, with lifted Hands
Thy Favour we entreat:
What Grace have Sinners not obtain'd
When ſuppliant at thy Feet?

VIII.

Clouds and thick Darkneſs veil our Skies,
Thy Thunderbolts we dread,
But Peace and Pleaſure at thy Word
Shall Calms and Sunſhine ſpread:

IX.

But providential Good alone
Fills not our vaſt Deſires,
For pardoning, renovating Grace
Our fervent Pray'r aſpires.

X.

Vain are all preſent Joys, if Hell
At laſt ingulfs our Souls,
And on our Heads eternal Wrath
In flaming Ruin rolls.

XI.

Great, Gracious GOD, our Land, our World
Like thine own Regions bleſs,
Where perfect Peace in Concert reigns
With perfect Holineſs:

XII.

Send thine Almighty Spirit down
To form our Souls afreſh:
And change each adamantine Heart
Into an Heart of Fleſh:

XIII.

Nought is too arduous, nought too great
For boundleſs Pow'r t' achieve;
Nought is too happy, or too good
For boundleſs Grace to give:

XIV.

Give the Command, theſe Fogs, this Night
Of Sin ſhall flee away,
And Holineſs through all our Coaſts
Shine in unclouded Day.

LIX. *The Vanity of the preſent Life and World.*

Peculiar Meaſure.

I.

"VANITY of Vanities,"
Iſrael's King and Preacher cries,
Vanity extends its Wings
Over all terreſtrial Things,
And from Folly's Pleaſures flow
Floods of long-enduring Woe.

II.

Now the Relatives we love
Long and ſore Afflictions prove,
Others twin'd about our Hearts
Sudden Death aſunder parts;
Both the Living and the Dead
Round us Glooms and Anguiſh ſpread.

III.

Now in proud majeſtic Tides
Plenty round our Manſions glides,

Now the ſwelling Channels lie
Dreary, deſolate, and dry:
Wealth and Want in Interchange
Round the World inceſſant range.

IV.

What a miſcellaneous Scene!
Turbid now, and now ſerene
Are the Seas on which we ſail?
Hopes and Fears by Turns prevail
Till, this various Voyage o'er,
We attain the heav'nly Shore:

V.

There no Changes ſhall ſurprize,
There no Cloud obſcure the Skies,
There no Foe ſhall break our Peace,
There ſhall Sin and Sorrow ceaſe:
Former Things are paſt away;
All is endleſs Life and Day.

LX. *The Reſurrection and Aſcenſion of* CHRIST *.

Peculiar Meaſure.

I.

ANGELS roll the Rock away,
Den of Death, reſign thy Prey:
See the Saviour quit the Tomb
Glowing with immortal Bloom.
Halleluia.

* Altered and enlarged from an Hymn in Meſſrs. *Aſh*'s and *Evans*'s Collection, p. 109.

II. Shout

II.

Shout ye Seraphs, *Gabriel* raiſe
Fame's eternal Trump of Praiſe;
Let the World's remoteſt Bounds
Echo to the bliſsful Sounds.
Halleluia.

III.

Saints on Earth lift up your Eyes,
See the Conqueror ſcale the Skies:
Troops of Angels on the Road
Hail and ſing th' incarnate God.
Halleluia.

IV.

Heav'n unfolds its Portals wide,
Matchleſs Hero! through them ride;
King of Glory, mount thy Throne,
Boundleſs Empire is thine own.
Halleluia.

V.

Praiſe him, ye celeſtial Choirs,
Praiſe, and ſweep your golden Lyres,
Praiſe him in the nobleſt Songs
From ten thouſand thouſand Tongues.
Halleluia.

VI.

Ev'ry Note to Rapture ſwell:
Sing the Pow'rs of Death and Hell
Dragg'd in Chains behind his Wheels,
Each the Wound eternal feels.
Halleluia.

VI. Truth,

VII.

Truth, and Righteouſneſs, and Love,
Siſter-Cherubs from above,
Now ſhall viſit Earth again,
Now in golden Ages reign.
Halleluia.

VIII.

Henceforth Time's long-troubled Tide
Placid, pleaſant, pure ſhall glide
Till it mingles with thy Sea,
Boundleſs, bleſt Eternity!
Halleluia.

IX.

Let *Immanuel* be ador'd,
Ranſom, Mediator, Lord;
To Creation's utmoſt Bound
Let th' immortal Praiſe reſound!
Halleluia.

LXI. *The* RETURN *of the* SPRING *improved as the Emblem of a* BLESSED RESURRECTION.

A SAPPHIC ODE.

I.

WHen the rough *Winter* in its Rigour rises,
Sleet, Ice, and Hail-Storm with the warring Forces
Of the mad Whirlwinds through the Vast of Heaven
Riding in Uproar,

II.

How the broad Meadows, how the Fields, and Forests,
Stript of their Honours, desolate and dreary,
Mourn the dire Ruin, while in floating Mountains
Rolls the wild Ocean!

III.

But when the *Spring* comes with her balmy Breezes,
And her Brows circled with a Blaze of Sunbeams,
How the Scene changes, and what blooming Beauty
Smiles all around her?

IV.

Rivers in Torrents o'er their Margins rolling
Rapid and headlong cease their Inundations,
And to the Mid-day giving back their Lustres
Gild the wide Champaign.

V.

What a rich Landſcape! Ev'ry Grove and Garden,
Hills, Lawns, and Vallies bleſs the Revolution,
Buds, and gay Bloſſoms, and a flow'ry Carpet
Veſting Creation.

VI.

How the wing'd Songſters, Linnets, Larks, and Thruſhes
Hail the ſoft Seaſon with delightful Chorus,
While in the Thickets ſweeteſt *Philomela*
Warbles her Ditties!

VII.

Oft the lone Pilgrim to her Muſic liſtens,
While the Sun pauſes in the Height of Heaven,
Oft too the Chantreſs to the Ear of Midnight
Trills o'er her Raptures.

VIII.

" What a ſweet Emblem, cries the Saint in " Tranſport,
" Viewing all Nature from her Death emerging,
" Of the fair Morning, when the Lord of Life " comes
" Thron'd in his Glory!

IX.

" Rous'd by his Mandate from the Earth and " Ocean
" Pouring their Millions ſee the Saints ariſing,
" Blooming, immortal, all array'd in Splendor,
" Like their Redeemer!

X.

" O the rich Raptures! O the Songs of
" Triumph!
" When with their Saviour to their Thrones
" aſcending,
" All the glad Regions, all the Ports of Glory
" Open before them!

XI.

" There all arriving, what a Shout of Praiſes
" Sounds thro' the Arches of the Empyrean!
" O for our Seats there while our loud
" Hoſannas
" Join in the Chorus!

XII.

" Sin, Death, and Satan, Perils, Pains, and
" Sorrows
" From the bleſt Manſions all proſcrib'd and
" baniſh'd,
" Pleaſure and Glory in their brighteſt Zenith
" Mingle for ever.

XIII.

" Sun, Moon, and Planets ſpeed your Revo-
" lutions,
" *Time* ſwift careering ruſh on ſwifter Pinions,
" Bring on the Day-Spring, on whoſe Wings
" the God comes
" Crown'd with Salvation.

XIV.

" Meanwhile let *Faith* riſe, and with piercing
" Viſion
" Eye the bright Morning, and ſalute its
" Coming,
" Solac'd, enraptur'd with a realizing
" Anticipation.

XV.

" What ſhall the Captive look for his Re-
" demption?
" Shall the young Minor count on his Poſſeſ-
" ſions?
" And ſhall not Chriſtians ſeize the future
" Glories
" Riſing afore them?

XVI.

" When a kind Promiſe by our GOD is given
" Firmer than Mountains and the pillar'd
" Heavens
" Stands the pledg'd Mercy at the Hour
" appointed
" Blooming in Bleſſings.

XVII.

" Such was the Promiſe of the Saviour's
" Coming
" Worm-like in Weakneſs for our Crimes to
" ſuffer,
" Such too the Promiſe of his ſecond Advent
" Godlike in Glory.

XVIII.

" Then ſhall this Darkneſs, ev'ry Cloud, and
" Shadow
" Scatter, diſſolving in the Light ſupernal,
" That in Bliſs beaming through immortal
" Ages
" Stands in one Noon-Day.

XIX. " What

XIX.

" What a bright Period! Now the great
" Redeemer
" Gives up the Kingdom to his ſmiling Father,
" Not a Soul wanting of the happy Millions
" Deſtin'd for Glory.

XX.

" Now the full Number, and with none beſides
" them,
" But the kind Angels in their Bliſs rejoicing,
" Shall in unclouded beatific Viſion
" Triumph for ever.

XXI.

" Not the pure Fountain to the thirſty Pilgrim,
" Not the Dawn riſing on the Reign of Dark-
" neſs
" Yield half the Pleaſure as *Jehovah*'s Favour
" Beaming around them.

XXII.

" This, though in diſtant intermitting Glances,
" Was their prime Solace, while in Fleſh
" ſojourning;
" This in unbounded permanent Effulgence
" Perfects their Heaven."

LXII. *An* INTERCESSORY PRAYER *for* GREAT-BRITAIN.

Compoſed in the Year 1779.

Peculiar Meaſure.

I.

JEHOVAH, hear our fervent Cry,
And ſend Salvation from on high,
Behold thy *Britain* ſunk in Woe!
Down her wan Cheeks what Torrents flow!
What numerous Foes againſt her riſe,
Like Billows mounting to the Skies!
Combin'd, outrageous to o'erwhelm
In Ruin her devoted Realm:
O Thou, omnipotent to ſave,
Diſperſe the Storm, and calm the Wave!

II.

Though *Britain*'s Iſle is overrun
With ev'ry Vice beneath the Sun,
Importing from each foreign Clime,
T' enlarge her Guilt, each foreign Crime,
Italian Softneſs, *Turkiſh* Sloth,
And ev'ry Sin of *Gallic* Growth,
Yet ſtill amidſt our Deſert riſe
A thouſand Flow'rs of Paradiſe,
All vivid in celeſtial Bloom,
And breathing round divine Perfume.

III. What

III.

What ſhall the Owner of a Ground,
Where Weeds of ev'ry Kind abound,
For ſome choice Vines or Fig-trees there
The whole from Deſolation ſpare;
And wilt not Thou, the Lord of All,
Prevent a guilty Nation's Fall?
When from thy gracious Throne on high
Thou ſee'ſt in pious Sorrows lie
Thy Saints, the Children of thy Love?
Shall not their Cries thy Pity move?

IV.

To *Abraham* didſt thou not declare,
That Thou ev'n *Sodom*'s ſelf would ſpare
If on a Search the City round
Only ten righteous Souls were found?
When *Iſrael*'s Crimes provok'd thine Ire,
And kindled thy avenging Fire,
How often did thy *Moſes* plead?
How often did his Pray'rs ſucceed
To ſtop the Thunder on its Road,
And reconcile an angry God?

V.

Jehovah, Thou art ſtill the ſame
To all who fear and truſt thy Name;
The Groans and Tears of Piety
Are ever prevalent with Thee,
Nor can thy Mercy e'er deſpiſe
Of broken Hearts the Sacrifice;
Then to thy Saints thine Ear incline,
Accept their Pray'rs and Pleas divine,
Avert thy Judgments from our Land,
And Peace and ev'ry Joy command:

VI.

But chiefly ſend thy Spirit down
In heav'nly Light, and Pow'r unknown,
That all their Sins may feel and mourn
And from their guilty Paths return:
What is all worldly Good, if we
Are ſtill eſtrang'd, averſe from Thee?
LORD, Thou can'ſt ſave us at the worſt,
Purge from our Iſle each Vice accurs'd,
Bid ev'ry Grace and Virtue grow,
And plant a Paradiſe below.

VII.

How oft haſt Thou, when *Britain* ſtood
In Horrors, and beheld the Flood,
Scorning all Bound, and all Command,
In Haſte to drown her guilty Land,
Diſplay'd at the tremendous Hour
The Wonders of thy Love and Pow'r,
Bade ev'ry roaring Terror ceaſe,
And huſh'd the Tempeſt into Peace?
Almighty, Merciful, and True,
Thy bright and bliſsful Acts renew!

FINIS.

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